



JOSEPH WARE.

THE DIVINE MAN

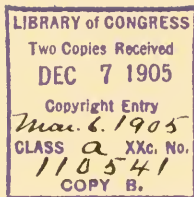
A NEW EPIC

By
JOSEPH WARE



THE TRUE LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY
MECHANICSBURG, OHIO, U. S. A.
AND
LONDON, ENGLAND

1905



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CREED
THE TRUTH IN LOVE

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE
TRUE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE HONEST,
WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE PURE, WHATSOEVER
THINGS ARE LOVELY, WHATSOEVER
THINGS ARE OF GOOD REPORT;
THINK ON THESE THINGS

RITUAL
LOVING OBEDIENCE

PREVIEW



The **THEME** of this poem is the progressive creation and the coronation of the highest life in man. The dawning of the day of rational evangelism begins. Truth is Truth, as God is God; man is fallible. Astronomical facts are the same whether Ptolemy or Copernicus teach; so the verities of the Kingdom of Heaven are not in the least affected by our beliefs or unbeliefs. Although our minds are not infallible, they are the highest court in our natures to which we can appeal. God in His law and word is over all; equally true is it that only through our intellects can He be known and certified to us.

That there is a law of gravity is reasonably certain; that there is a law of universal progression is no less sure. The discovery and acceptance of the first required a complete change in what seemed to be actual, observed facts; no less the acceptance of the other and greater law, will require a complete reversal of many of our former beliefs. The interpretation of the beautiful allegory in the first chapters of Genesis as being literal may be considered a mistake. That two insignificant persons by a single act could thwart the purposes of an Almighty God, and involve in endless ruin countless millions of human lives, seems to be both brutal and absurd.

That eternal duration is eternal progressive creation ; that the laws of God are His very nature ; and that they have been working from the beginning to bring the life of man up to the high estate of love, even to God, accords with reason. That the suffering of Christ was to change the nature of God, and make His laws forbear their natural consequences, is not reasonable ; but that he came to save from disobedience is the highest conception of mercy.

Look everywhere and you will find that growth for a purpose is an unfailing attribute of life. The slightest permanent retrogression under the operation of this law might be regarded as an impeachment of Divine Power. Nowhere in the bible have we been able to find the expression, "the fall of man." If the Omnipotent is having His will (if not, He alone is at fault) how could He consistently be angry? Would it not relieve us of many absurdities should we interpret the expression, "the wrath of God," to mean, the uncompromising spirit of His laws against the evil and the harmful ; and to interpret "Heaven," as the expression of the highest good to us in our harmony with God's will, by perfect obedience to His laws, especially to the all comprehending law of love? Therefore heaven is in us, nay, we are our heaven. Obedience is love, is worship. Cannot the entire world come together on this simple and yet fundamental creed and ritual, Trinitarian, Unitarian, Universalist, and those who have hereto-

fore been called Atheist, Sceptic, Agnostic? I forbear to mention the merely denominational differences.

Has it ever impressed you that our disagreements are largely about matters in which we have no voice, and very few of them about our own duties and privileges? These have been ridden over and trampled down in our fierce battles about such questions as election, free grace, future punishment, etc. Let us cease our puny invasion of God's domain and enlist, one and all, under the glorious banner of all-conquering Love.

The aspiration of my life is to put this law of universal progression into a worthy Epic form. No man could successfully execute such an undertaking without a special call, and inspiration, also adaptation, and preparation; a preparation not in schools and theological seminaries, but in the constant accumulation of relevant facts, in untrammelled thought, and in constant reliance for truth on direct inspiration. Many times have I awakened from a sound sleep, not only with the thought, but with the arrangement of the lines in perfect order. Classical allusions have not been sought, however poetical. Common religious expressions have been avoided, though of long and hallowed usage; also the too common expressions of God's vengeance on sinners, whirling them from hottest flames of sulphur into Arctic beds of ice, confining them in vats of white hot metal, with the lids shut down — only reflections of the cruelty of barbarism. You may regret to lose the crystal walls of heaven, the pearly gates and golden

streets; yet these are low and earthly estimates, born of covetousness; they are not even the most precious symbols of value. Something infinitely better is yours. The Kingdom of heaven is not a distant promise, but a most blessed and present realization. Neither is the war in heaven with spear and shield, horses and chariots from the stabled hills, or cannon belching nitre, boasting of angel leaders, bombastic speeches of the Father and Son, but it is waged by the helpful and the adverse in our daily lives.

Heretofore it has been the fault of those who have lost their faith in the old, to ruthlessly tear down, burying in the ruins the most sacred treasures of the human heart — an unrequited labor, for they have only received the dust and moil upon themselves. The right endeavor will be to build of truth a temple beautiful. The unworthy will be stimulated to better thinking and living; the devout worshipper will be happy to realize God's immanence; the deist will rejoice to have his God divested of unworthy human attributes; the atheist will accept a deity that accords with reason.

"And it came to pass, about an eight days after these sayings, he took Peter and John and James, and went up into a mountain to pray. And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening. And, behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias: who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem. But Peter and they that were with him

were heavy with sleep: and when they were awake, they saw his glory, and the two men that stood with him. And it came to pass, as they departed from him, Peter said unto Jesus, "Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias:" not knowing what he said. While he thus spake, there came a cloud, and overshadowed them: and they feared as they entered into the cloud. And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, 'This is my beloved Son: hear him.' And when the voice was past, Jesus was found alone. And they kept it close, and told no man in those days any of those things which they had seen." Luke IX, 28-36.

On this short narrative is founded the argument of the poem. Moses and Elijah came early to the mountain, and very naturally turned to the scenes of their former lives on earth, also conversed of their heavenly occupations. Many other spirits came to participate in the scenes of the world's greatest event. Here, by consent, Jesus gave himself a willing sacrifice to love; on Calvary, he only carried out his part of the covenant now agreed upon. At this time he "entered into that within the veil." Hence the transfiguration is the crowning point in his history, and in the salvation of the race. The whole poem bears witness to its supreme importance. Therefore his resurrection and ascension follow as natural consequences.

"*About an eight days.*" Jesus uses this important time in a complete consecration for his glorification. The disciples occupy

it in noting and recording his birth and boyhood, and some typical events in his ministry. In this interval the Sanhedrin meets and condemns him to death.

"And the fashion of his countenance was altered." He is the first in his humanity to enter into the perfect state.

"But Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep" — inspired visions of the progress and final triumph of the new kingdom.

The theme of the Iliad is the contention of gods and of heroes for the destruction of Troy; the Aeneid, its re-establishment; Paradise Lost, the fall of man; The Divine Man, or New Epic, the progress of man to final perfection in the kingdom of heaven.

Not until now could the transfiguration be told, because the world was not prepared to receive it; not enough advancement had been made in this new kingdom of life to make it explainable.

Trace carefully through all the poem the law of universal progression. In the first book, the foundation of our confidence is laid in the nature of Divine Love. In the second, we follow this progression through the creation of the world, and the growth of life from a single cell to man, as Adam. The third advances it from the faintest moral perception, guided by the most obscure promises, through the mists of superstition and idolatry up to the clear prophecies and revelations. The fourth links progress with the dominion of the world and the universe. The fifth is the incarnation of the Divine Love. The sixth gives some glimpses

of its power. The seventh book, in the debate of the Sanhedrin, shows the futility of the endeavor to hinder it. The eighth book opens the door into the kingdom of heaven. In the ninth Jesus teaches of this kingdom. In the tenth is the coronation of the life. In the eleventh and twelfth you have some glimpses of its future progress.

In humbleness of spirit I have told you what to look for in the poem. If you find it even so, give to God the glory.



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INVOCATION



A virgin is my love, twin-born of Truth.
O come with me, nor stay, thou fairest One,
Thy sunny tresses bound with nature's flowers,
Kirtled in light, as plain as angel robe.
One song, only one song, I crave of thee;
Though of the earth, it first was sung in heaven,
Antiphonal with stars and angel shout;
Chanted it was in ancient prophecy,
And by the multitude o'er Judah's hills,
That in the clouds shall shout the glad Amen.
I cannot plead that God will give thee me,
Less than the least; it may be that His love
Will honor love. If He should give me thee,
The glory shall be His alone.

BOOK I



ARGUMENT

Jesus, as a representative of the human race, is about to be glorified on the mount of transfiguration. Moses and Elijah, the representatives of law and prophecy, are summoned as special witnesses. In their eagerness to re-enter their beloved land, they have come somewhat in advance. Naturally, they first take a view of their native country, and then converse of their glorious occupations before coming. The ardent Elijah gives an apostrophe to Divine Love, as a climax to his description of a satellite of Sirius, which resembles the earth in its conditions, but has attained a perfect development. Moses then recounts his efforts to discover the bounds of God's loving presence. Elijah further illustrates this love by the notes of the musical scale; also by his experience in the cave of Mount Sinai. The book concludes with a psalm.

I sing the one great Epic theme,
The coronation of the Son of Man,
The apotheosis of human life,
And the creative purpose when the earth
Was called from chaos dark to form and light.
The scenes beheld within that highest realm
Shall raise our groveling thoughts to spirit life,
Who think of God as of a man enthroned

In a mysterious heaven ; but this is truth,
God is eternal spirit, infinite,
As are His works ; nothing can be so small,
But smaller is ; not boundless ether fields
Can bound the infinite ; and every place
Is therefore central to the universe ;
God dwelleth then in every part alike,
Or truer, dwelleth everything in God.
Why should we long for an exclusive heaven,
Even a city walled with precious stones,
Having twelve gates of solid pearl, that swing
On golden hinges with sweet harmony,
A few elected saints to welcome in
To golden streets and diamond palaces ?

The truth is this, there are no walls of heaven,
But our capacities ; no gates, but faith ;
No locks or bars, but will ; no key, but love.

Things of the spirit, though intangible,
Are truest, most enduring, and sublime ;
Almost impossible to be expressed ;
Only the spirit has the power at will,

When the occasion justifies, to appear
Or disappear ; as did the risen Christ.
Sweet spirit, show to us these hidden truths,
How God assumed our flesh, became the Word
Expressing the Eternal, telling love
Divine ; and, entering in himself, became
A door in heaven opening floods of light.

* * * *

High and apart doth honored Tabor lift
His wooded sides above Esdraelon's plain ;
Touches with purpling top the clouds of heaven,
Outspread it forms an ample theatre,
As if by power divine 'twas shaped to be
Where heaven the most should flood the earth with light,
And life and love supreme be crowned of God.

There, to the open vision could be seen
Two figures standing in the evening glow,
Viewing the spreading scene magnificent.
One had upon his noble brow a light,
The horn of power, and on his kingly face
The saint's shekina shone. The ample folds
Of his great purple robe denoted strength ;

His sandals worn had walked the wilderness;
In his right hand he held a shepherd's crook,
Was mightier than the sceptre of the Nile.
A prince he was, the leader of his race,
The jurist of all time, warrior and sage,
Inspired historian, and friend of God;
And yet he was the meekest man of men.
Moses had now assumed his fleshly form,
Had come at last into the Promised Land.

The other was in coarser garments clad,
And yet the crimsoned clouds no more obscure
The rising sun, than these his character.
He had in hand a much used traveller's staff;
His hair and beard falling upon his breast
And shoulders framed a face of fiery zeal.
Elijah had assumed his former self,
Had come a witness to his prophecy.

And they had come ere the appointed time
To view their much loved country and converse
On worthy themes. The sun first met their gaze

As he would quench his fiery nature in
The western sea. Green Carmel stood before
The glow; and here had been the prophet's watch
For the expected rain. Half turning, then
They saw great Hermon's hoary head above
The northern hills. Nearer, Genneseret,
The deep blue lake held in its loving hills,
Was whitened with the sails of fishing ships;
Thence Jordan's winding course of watered green
Goes downward to the silent Sea of Death.

Beyond, and south, they saw the wilderness;
From here the prophet had been swept to heaven
In chariot of fire. Great School of God,
Here Moses led his people forty years,
From Pisgah viewed the last of earthly hopes,
Over against Beth-Peor was laid to rest.

This barren desert of volcanic rocks,
Steep mountains, hills with scanty pasturage,
And valleys watered by uncertain streams,
Extendeth down to the Egyptian Sea.

Of greatest interest was Sinai,
With head uncovered to the setting sun;
Here, hidden in a cloud of mystery,
Jehovah gave the ceremonial law,
Gave the appointments of His curtained house,
Engraved the tables of the moral law,
Foundation stones of universal law.

Here Moses sees in fondest memory
The beautiful young mother of his sons
Standing before their tent at evening time;
He sees his sweet-voiced sister, timbrel raised,
Leading the vesper hymn; the white-robed priest,
His mother's son, offering sacrifice;
He sees the nation worshipping, and hears
Their swelling voices chanting praise to God.

The prophet's voice broke in his revery.
"Behold! the city of Jerusalem!"
Only three wild and brushy hills it was
When Moses looked upon the Promised Land.
Here now the sacred walls of Zion stand,

And here the temple, glorious to see,
Is glistening before the setting sun;
The altar smoke rises into the heavens.

O what a tableau then upon the mount,
Of Law and Prophecy personified!
Seeing the sacrificial smoke ascend,
Prefiguring the perfect offering,
Love's perfect token given once for all,
The great Lawgiver stands with hand upraised,
As if he would resign his covenant,
Its many laws unite in one great law
Of love; like as the many lesser streams
Into the deep, wide-flowing river join.

The prophet with enraptured vision stands,
The Holy Spirit's representative,
As through the ages past His work has been
To preach, to teach, to comfort, warn, invite.
He sees the Christ upon this honored mount,
Exemplar of the love of God, received

Into the heavenly realms, shine with its light,
Prophetic of a race redeemed.

Of these

Important themes the better to converse,
They now in oriental posture sit;
The mountain is their grand divan, the heavens
Their starry canopy. They not alone
For information speak, but love and praise
To Him who merits all. And as the speech
Of the immortals is direct and true,
Omitting compliment and flattery,
So they in the loved language of their race
Did of the mission of their coming speak,
And of eternal love in law, and whence
They came, and how engaged in loved employ.

Elijah said, "How strange our spirits are,
Though filled, they still admit of vast increase;
For to our perfect joy is added joy
In coming here, such great occasion calls.
Since this our earth has turned but once around,

I left yon orb — so eager was my flight,
For God's requirements are supreme delight.
That light, so far away it shows a star —
Men call it Sirius — is central sun
Unto a satellite, most like our earth,
And, as our planet, it is third in place,
With axis so inclined unto that sun,
Or was, it now a dual turning has,
As though a whirling ball was in a frame,
And frame and all did turn another way,
Only a seventh as fast; this makes the weeks
Distinct, and every day is different.
O'er all that world is now perennial spring
Of leaves and flowers, with autumn's ripened fruits.
There are no frozen poles, equator's heat,
Chill nights, or burning noons. Redeemed, they have
Their blest millenium; for in the clouds,
No longer used for inconvenient rain,
Has their Redeemer set his shining throne;
And all his saints are herald ministers,

And all his people are redeemed from toil,
For exercise is greatest pleasure now.
Neither necessity compels, nor greed
Incites; nor need they clothes for modesty,
For all are innocent, and surely not
For ornament. Their heavens are new, at least
In show. Their world is new and old indeed,
The sea as though it was no more, for one
Can see and hail the distant shore, and tamed,
Holds on its bosom cities, farms, and gardens;
Also the dweller on the rock singeth
For vintage ripe. The atmosphere subdued
Is made a highway smooth, direct, and wide,
Up to the all enclosing clouds of heaven,
The capital in which the Prince of Peace
Reigneth forever in the heart and life.
One law governs, the perfect law of love.
Hither the ransomed shall go up with joy
And gladness, for no fear is in the way.
Nor sickness, sorrow, pain, nor death are there.

How grand the prophecy in all of this
Of when our earth shall have millennial bliss.

O Love Divine! incomprehensible
Even to Cherubim and Seraphim!
Greatest archangels, in wisdom nearest God!
Thy nature finds itself in others good,
Great ruling motive in the universe,
Creating, governing, sweet influence
That doth create an earthly paradise.
To make us fitted for that blessedness,
Thy silent, calm, and constant wooing stills
The wrecking turmoil in the human heart,
Sweeteneth hate, unroofs the darkest hell.
ETERNAL — time with thee can have no span;
And OMNIPRESENT — space has no extent;
For God is love.”

Then Moses, waiting not,
Replied, “Prophet, as one that journeyeth
Sees only what is most upon his mind,
So you observe the future of his grace;

So I, the past, and Law, — persistent force
Of love, order and harmony of all.
By this attractive force of love we see
Atom to atom, substance to substance, world
To world, system to system, drawn.
Were it not so, each atom touched by force
Would fly forever on its selfish course.
This Infinite is in a blade of grass,
As in the glories of eternal space.
The very highest joy spirit can feel
Is knowing God ; nor can we go amiss,
Familiar things are all so beautiful,
Are so designed for blessed use, are all
So ordered by this perfect law of love.

I sought to know the limits of this power,
Passing into the farthest realms of space
That could be reached in boldest spirit flight.
Swifter than human thought I passed beyond
Our planetary fields, here paused to view
The solar system, a harmonious whole.

I wondered not that some worship the sun,
Seeing him hold his ponderous satellites
In yearly orbits, giving light and heat
To all. So perfect their adjustment showed
That not a single atom might be changed.
In size and motion, place and brilliancy,
It was a scale of harmony of thirds
And sevenths. The colors of the rays were like
Unto the scale of sounds, in unison,
With sweet attune, in one great system bound
By the attractive power of Love Divine.

And then I onward passed to where the stars
To man change not their place; and here I saw
Seven kindred systems with our own, around
A common center move in orbits vast,
Each sang a note in Love's sublimest hymn.

And as I onward passed, the scene became
O'erwhelming to my view, systems of systems

Without end, each scaled in harmony,
And all in true accord. What glory thrilled
My spirit as I thought, do I behold
The scheme of all God's universe? Yet on,
Consumed to know the full extent, I sped
Into an interval so wide, no ray
Could penetrate its blank and desert gloom—
Blackness of darkness — silence absolute —
Dreadful nonentity — a sudden stop!
Was this to be my state eternally?
Annihilation? End of being? Lost?
And would a numbing fear enchain me here
For aye? — unless — O the supremest bliss!
A loving God was even here! Inspired
My farther flight within that chasm of space
Where the persistent light wearies and dies,
Until another world-field came in view,
An order of creation different.
And then I knew these fields of infinite
Variety, divided as they are

By awful spaces, never would have end.
My spirit sank in wonder and amaze.
And here the summons of His Spirit bade
Me haste to view something as wonderful,
Upon this mount a human being crowned
And raised into divinity, of all
The race the promise and the prophecy ;
Where love, the motive in the universe,
Finds its expression in the gift of God —
True way of life, not for the great alone,
But for the least ; not for the truest, best,
But for the false and base.”

Elijah said,

“We trace the evolution of this law
In human heart and life, GAMUT OF LOVE.”
The prophet’s finger here drew in the air
The lines and spaces of harmonious sound.
“The first and lowest note that can be made,
Deep diapason underlying all,
Is LOVE OF SELF, the first great breath of God

In living things. He loveth not at all
Who loveth not himself, not all in all,
One constant note becomes monotony,
Sweet, in the blessed symphony of life.
Then, strike the note above, the LOVE OF OWN.
In mother instinct first this note is heard;
Without it life would stay in dismal flats
And discords horrible. Another step
Above is FRIENDSHIP's note, tender and sweet,
The calling and the answering of love.
The first and third are closest harmony,
Bringing that easier transition called,
LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL, almost divine.
Next in the scale is tender CHARITY,
That makes us neighbor unto every one
Who needs our help, touches the minor chord
Of pity, breathes the softest sympathy.

Here would we linger, but the Christ has come
To lead us up to LOVE OUR ENEMIES.
These higher notes too hard for us alone

To reach, he by example teaches us;
This, and the higher, noble BROTHERHOOD,
The soul that maketh all the world akin.
And then the highest note, including all,
Key to the swelling psalm of life we reach
In LOVE TO GOD. This can we never reach
Until we pass the ascending scale below.

There is no theme in all the universe
Grander than this; for the inanimate
Obeys unquestioning the sacred force,
The quickened spirit chooses the divine,
Knowing as Gods the evil and the good
It makes the blessed choice, honored the more,
Joins in the universal hymn of love
And praise. For this has our Redeemer come
To upward lead the way."

Then Moses said,
"The colors show an equal harmony,
And yet each shade is but a partial light;
So the discordant things of human life

Are the refractions of accordant love.
Evil is incompleteness in the life.
The crimson ray alone, is love of self;
Blended with every other love it makes
The perfect and completed light of God.

The sun is glorious in giving light,
Giving without restraint, and not one ray
Is lost, but meets response sometime, somewhere,
In God's great universe. Its light withheld,
'Twould only be a blacker spot in heaven.

Jesus has come to live that perfect life
Of giving, though not practical as yet,
For gospel giving now is sacrifice;
Naught of its sacred influence shall be lost,
In the eternal somewhere it will find
Response. By his example we shall give
And gain alike, then all things shall be ours."

Elijah then, "Nine hundred years ago
Back-slidden Israel made it appear
As if the world was lost to love and God.

To show His power and give encouragement
He bade me go to Sacred Sinai.
My cloistered dwelling place was in that cave
Where thou six hundred years before had seen
The God of love — like vision for like cause.
And praying far into the night I too
His glory asked to see. Now was there heard
The distant rumbling of a mountain storm.
I looked, the sky was suddenly o'ercast —
Mountains are not below but in the clouds —
The awful Spirit of the tempest drives
The furious blasts, with streaming lightning lashed,
O'er riven craig, across the blasted peaks;
Beneath his wheels the flying rifts are whirled;
With rolling thunder shakes the mountain firm.

Although my heart was strong, the coming storm
Gave me no vision but destruction. Then
The crashing thunders made the earth to quake,
I only feared; the constant flashes set
The heavens ablaze, but in the blinding fire

The world had no assurance of His care.

The sudden storm as suddenly had passed.
The stars came forth, the distant rumblings ceased,
And all was still again.

I stood without,
With mantle wrapped about my face, and heard
A still, small voice calming my troubled soul,
Stillling the awful storm of doubt and fear,
Giving assurance of His saving grace.

I recognize that quiet voice to-day
In his who speaks the raging sea to calm,
Nor shouts, nor cries, but speaks the words of God,
Comforts with gentle words the sorrowing,
And heals disease, and calls the dead to life,
And as a shepherd with familiar voice
Calleth to pastures green, by waters still."

Now, they together sang, spontaneously,
A psalm such as the wise immortals sing.

O God, whose name is unpronounceable,
And glorious presence unapproachable,

Thy dwelling place is all eternity,
And thy possession is the universe.

Even the dazzling and enormous suns
Are only glittering mote dust unto Thee.

The planets and the earth on which we stand
Appear as less than nothing in Thy sight;

Yet the infinitesimal is formed
And kept with equal and unfailing care,

Also the poor and weak Thou dost regard,
Helpeth the poor and needy when they cry,

The lowly contrite heart dost not despise,
And lifteth up the humble from the dust.

And the begotten life is to be raised
To share Thy throne forevermore, Amen.

BOOK II

ARGUMENT

Moses continues the conversation with Elijah, giving an account of his vision of the Divine Glory, in the progress of life from chaos to Adam.

Now time,
As measured by the cycles of the earth,
Grew toward its fulness, when creation comes
Unto its meaning, axis of duration,
The grand and living present, where the past
Has end, the future takes its date:

And yet,
One quarter of the hour only had passed,
So swiftly the immortals move and speak.

Moses continued the great theme,
"I, too,
Kneeling in that same cave, most ardently
Desired to know the presence of the Lord.
And suddenly the cavern's mouth was closed
As by the placing of a giant hand.

Shut in the darkness of that cave, I saw
Only the skirtings of His power; no man
Can in his body greater see and live.
Awhile, mine eyes intent could nothing see,
No ray came from a chaos dark and void.
Then, o'er the formless, silent, cold, abyss
The brooding spirit moved upon the deep;
By the attractive influence of love
Together drew the primal elements;
And in their union said, "Let there be light,"
And there was light, condensing energy.
Then far within that chasm there was a tint
Of color; soon great streams of crimson light
Shot swiftly outward to the far extremes,
And fronded, gathering in the darkness, then
Fell back in sweeping clouds of swirling mist.
Ever the outward grew and inward brightened,
Then, a misty point of light appeared,
As when a star is seen within the glow
Of early dawn, increased until it was

A dazzling and enormous globe of light,
That robbed mine eyes of vision. I awoke.
Darkness, I called the night; the light, called day.
And God approved the nature of the light,
By which His purposes are served in life.
Yet the duration passed cannot be told,
For time had not begun. Darkness and light
Made the first day my vision had advanced.

* *

Again it seemed as if that giant hand
The entrance closed. A tremor shook my being,
That fiery ball had burst; had there been air,
The shock of the explosion would have made
All other sounds a silence absolute.
Out of that white-hot mass the fragments flew
In blazing tracks, as they were flashing spokes
Of monster chariot wheel. Before the wrack
They would have made, unchecked, conception falls.
But see! they turn! Their fiery energy
Weighed to a grain is met by gravity;

Into their yearly orbits they are turned,
Upon their daily axes whirled; in form
Are held by this same force. The central ball,
Our sun, has also had an impetus
That sends him with his new formed worlds around
A path where aeons are its years.

I marked

The world of greatest interest to us,
The earth, the third in distance from the sun.
What time it had been cooling God doth know.
In wildest tumult tost, your mountain storm
An April shower, in which the sun appears,
Would be to this, wherein the elements
In wild confusion fought for mastery.
Truly, the waves leaped high into the heavens;
Below did swirl the sediment of rocks;
In lieu of winds, exploding gases tore;
And vast electric currents burst their way.
Then had the awful war perpetual been
If left alone; the laws of God subdued



*The wadded backs of continents arose,
And pushed the floods into the depths of led sea,
And many streams poured down their dripping sides*

Them, so the lighter air escaped and rose
And held the clouds of vapor high above
The turbid waters underneath, and made
The lower firmament. The epoch passed
Cannot be told, for time not yet was born.
And God approved. That hand again removed,
The light crept in the cavern's gloom; evening
And morning made my vision's second day.

* * *

The shadowless darkness came, with it returned
My dream inspired. The heavy metals first
Sank down; and then the igneous rocks became
A solid crust around the heart of fire;
On this was placed the sediment of lime.
The monster backs of continents uprose,
And pushed the floods into the depths called seas,
And many streams poured down their dripping sides.

The inner fires, impatient of restraint,
Burst through their rocky prison walls, and heaved
Them into slanting trends of heaps and piles,

Mountains and hills, and ladled into them
The precious metals and the useful ores.

And now, the purpose of our talk begins,
The mystery of life, a single cell
Appears; here Christ the life begins his work,
Only begotten of the Father God,
All else created was. He is the way,
Beginning at this narrow point of life,
Doth widen ever to the heavenly realms,
Within whose lifted gates he entereth
As man today. He is the truth, telling
The Father's blessed meaning in it all;
And is the quickening life in every form,
However crude in its environment.

Into that esoteric potency
The angels would desire to look. That cell,
Rocked in the roughest cradle, but preserved,
Is mother to another cell attached,
And grows at last into a minute plant;

Tender and colorless, it only lives
Upon the tranquil bottom of the seas;
And propagates by simply breaking off,
The male unto the female giving birth.
I cannot stop to tell of its advance
Through countless ages of development,
To the earth-feeding roots, and blades and stems;
To bodies, branches, leaves and colored flowers,
And fruit-enclosing seed; and forests high
Their columned trunks upreared, for nature then
Was prodigal, enrobing earth in green.
And as the work advanced God was well pleased.
Again that hand withdrawn made day the third.

* * * *

Another night the vision likewise came.
The lights of heaven appear; the sun is first
To pierce the murky atmosphere, the moon
Follows, at last the stars; and actual nights
And days begin. How glorious these lights
Set in the deep blue firmament appear

Unto the new born earth, mantled in green.
The prince of day kisses her fair young face,
The silver moon as her companion walks
Among the stars; they minister with light:
The seasons now take up their yearly rounds.
And soon the moving, sentient forms appear;
The great warm sea is the prolific womb
Of living things. At first the swaying plants
Are fixed, gathering plenteous sustenance;
After long time they grow to greater needs,
Requiring motion in and for themselves.
Though at the first they do but slightly aid
The impulse of the wave, they ever grow
In strength and purpose, and now spurn its aid,
And of themselves can move their jelly forms
On oozy bottom or on slippery rock.
Stomach and mouth they are, their every want
Is appetite, therefore they need defense.
The Life, intelligent to every cry,
Protects them with calcareous shell, spiral

Or hinged, two lobed or three, with lines or smooth.
But now the waves, heaved by volcanic fires,
Submerge again the continents. It seemed
As if the earth to chaos would return,
And God had lost control. As I have seen
A prince of Egypt in his chariot,
With bit and rein govern the harnessed steeds,
Or with the lash urge them to greater speed;
So God above the cloud-capped waves, with laws
Governed the raging elements, drove back
The seas. His wise designs were then revealed;
Superimposed were other beds of rock,
Making the earth less insecure, with mines
Of carbon stored therein for future use.
So perfect this that even God approves.
Darkness and light compassed the fourth day's view.

* * * * *

Into the cave of vision came a gloom
That framed a living picture wonderful,

Just in the middle of this period.
The seas are filled with sprawling, wallowing, things;
Leviathans, and horrid dragon shapes
With turbulence the murky waters stir;
Of water-breathing fish are multitudes;
And through the frightened air, on leathery wings
Huge bellies drag behind long winding tails,
Of lesser creatures the insatiate maw,
Short legs they have, with dreadful claws are armed;
Their slender necks have flattened heads, all jaws;
Great flying serpents with their glittering scales,
Startle the earth. The hissing, snapping, strife.
Clangorous flapping, screams, and bellowing
Make hideous the days, horrid the nights.
Great monsters crawling on the slimy earth
Leave their long furrowed trails; with necks upstretched
They browse upon the foliage of the trees;
Insects, in size alone less terrible,
Darken the air.

"And hath the precious life

No better use!" I said. And then I saw
They well accorded with environment.
Though terrible, they were a great advance
Above the low and flabby life before.
The building temple is not beautiful.
Supreme Intelligence progressive works,
As a wise masterbuilder layeth stone
To stone, and wood to wood, as there is need.
And yet necessity createth not,
The need is but our cry to God. And He
Above archangel aspiration is ;
And is beneath the faintest cry of need.

The working of His law in postulates
Seems hard and stern at times, in ultimates
It always is beneficent and wise.
For now behold the wisdom infinite ;
The points most used, grown callous and enlarged,
Formed into legs and feet, more speed supply ;
Or arms, or fins, or wings, enlarge the fields
In which to satisfy their appetites.

A need arose of more intelligence ;
About the central ganglion grew a head,
Above the mouth, center of interest then.
They now to seize their prey, or to escape
Their foes, must windows have convenient.
The light produced a dim sensation first,
That sensibility increased, until
The eye of mechanism wonderful
Appeared, wisely designed in every part,
Full of expression and so beautiful ;
Mark, in its turning how adaptable,
Protected by the lubricated lids,
Its opening self adjustable, lenses
Focussed to give perspective true, casting
Upon the brain pictures of light and shade,
In colors manifold, of objects near,
Or starry distance inconceivable ;
How very like an attribute of God !

Another sense is needed, and behold
The wise supply. The atmospheric waves

Impinge upon this nervous matter; lo!
The ear as funnel spread to catch the sounds,
Or high, or low, or long, or short, or loud,
Or soft, as hammer upon anvil beats.
The tensile drum vibrating gives alarm,
Or heeds the sweet and tender call of love,
And shall the thoughts convey in human speech;
In future, tuned to sweetest harmony,
It shall the soul with heaven-born music thrill.

Another sense will guide their appetite;
Strong odors penetrate projecting nerves;
And there the nose is set, a double guard
And counselor, above the mouth; sometime
'Twill catch the garden's perfumed breath; sometime
Orchard and field, fragrant with honey dew,
For her shall lade the passing breeze.

Again,

The mouth is armed with teeth to grasp and tear
And grind; the surface lined with nerves of taste —
Chief organ then, and now 'tis not the least,

For tempted by the many flavors, we,
As once the heathen gods were feigned, do eat
Divine ambrosia, drink the nectar sweets.

Within these mouths are placed what shall become
Organs of human speech, expressing mind.
O wondrous attribute, almost divine!
Most potent in the life's development!
These reptiles also have the jointed spine,
The great strong axis of the bony frame.

Like to the stone paved ways along the Nile,
Where pass the silken argosies, armed navies,
Low-laden fleets, so through this bony way
Doth commerce pass of pleasure, strength, and gain.

And further on, to give them swifter flight
And free, the cumbrous tails, replaced with light
And airy feathers, rudder the plumaged wings
In graceful flight; and colored down doth hide
The reptile ugliness. Their hissing screams
Were changed to minor trills and warblings clear.
The life made in creation sure advance.

The morning light came in of day the fifth.

* * * * *

Once more, the supernatural night returns;
Cast on the canvass of my pure white thought,
A moving picture of the sunlit earth
Appears. In valleys green, by waters still,
Great flocks and herds are grazing quietly;
Some in the shadow of the trees are laid
To chew the cud; some on the verdant hills
Are seeking pastures new; and following
Their offspring from the udder draw their life.

And life unto the mammals had progressed,
As you have said, "love of our own" came in.
And parting life not left in sand or sea —
Inseminate wombs, — but by the mother borne,
Part of herself became, as of the male.
And so the "love of self" ascended to
The offspring loved

My vision then, I knew
Was of creation's last generic age:

The travail of great aeons is brought forth,
The child of destiny, the human form,
Highest expression of God's art in clay,
A mortal image of immortal thought.
He only stands erect, with head upraised
Above the brute, and eye intelligent,
With ever forward look to guide his steps
In all his wide dominion of the earth,
Or upward turning to explore the heavens.
In ample brain reason doth hold her court;
Into his earthly nature there was breathed
The breath of lives, the attributes of soul,
Of thought, of choice, of will, of memory.
And he alone is worthy to receive
The blessed Christ in fulness of his love
Made manifest. God knew that it was good.
And the returning light made day the sixth.

* * * * *

My vision closes here; the genesis
Of earth is passed; God rested from His work.

Creation's types are now complete and good.
The seventh and last great day of days begins,
The AGE OF MAN.

The growing stream of life
Hath issued from its tributary wilds,
Deepens and widens toward its affluence,
The future of eternity. Adam,
The rosy skin made bare, and mother Eve,
The female from the male derived, stepped from
Creation's lower forms; one step advanced
She ever leads the way, though little raised
Above the purely animal at first.
The earth, a wild luxuriant garden then,
Was given them to dress and keep: Eden
Of innocence, unknowing innocence
It was, low paradise of ignorance.
Here in the quiet hour of evening
They met, as God, the moral sense, and heard
His loving voice, which all now plainly hear,
The conscience witnessing of righteousness.

The tree of knowledge in this garden grew,
Bearing the fruit of evil and of good ;
Who tastes the good must from the evil guard.
Nearby it grew the tree of life, not as
Existence merely, but the blessed state
Of happy and eternal consciousness.
Easy it was for them to disobey,
So near the reptile nature, tempting them ;
And good is ever by the evil known,
Through all the ages of the seventh day
Now passing ; we shall be as Gods, and learn
To overcome. And knowledge, dangerous
No more, will lead in the ascent of man
To that immortal paradise, Eden
Of love, where we shall ever dwell with God
In conscious innocence ; for we shall know,
And we shall overcome ; the very fruit
So tempting grew in lower Eden, now
Shall grow upon the tree of knowledge, and

Shall give us life the more abundantly."

Here, Moses and Elijah sang that psalm
Of praise to the Creator's power and grace.

Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord from the heavens :

Praise Him in the heights.

Praise ye Him, all His angels :

Praise ye Him, all His hosts.

Praise ye Him, sun and moon :

Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

Praise Him, ye heavens of heavens,

And ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord :

For He commanded, and they were created.

He hath also established them for ever and ever :

He hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise the Lord from the earth,

Ye dragons, and all deeps :

Fire, and hail ; snow, and vapours ;

Stormy wind fulfilling His word :

Mountains, and all hills ;

Fruitful trees, and all cedars :

Beasts, and all cattle ;

Creeping things, and flying fowl :

Kings of the earth, and all people ;

Princes, and all judges of the earth :

Let them praise the name of the Lord.

BOOK III



ARGUMENT

In the third book a description is given of some of the types or leaders among the earthly spirits, who in honor of the incarnate Son of Man, resuming their fleshly appearance, assemble to bring their tribute to the glory of his transfiguration. The progress in the early history of the world and in prophecy is given.

Tell me, O Heavenly Muse,
Of all the multitudes assembling now,
To celebrate the ultimate of love
Divine. More than the dew drops sparkling on
The morning fields; or leaves that strew the groves
In Autumn; or the multitude of stars
On a clear Winter night, were those that once
Had lived on earth. Adam and Eve came first,
With shambling gait, for they had late been prone.
Their few and simple thoughts were then expressed
In imitative sounds for names of things —
Gestures for verbs. O man, how far beneath
The son of man in thy beginning life!
God may have given them the breath of lives,
The human soul at once, it matters not,

Or in a thousand years, — immortal now.
Or how or when the individual soul
Cometh into their offspring, God doth know ;
Sometime the incarnation must begin.

And peering through the mist-dimmed centuries,
They caught a glimpse of this immortal day,
When he, their seed, should bruise the reptile's head,
But he should bruise the suffering Savior's heel.
As when of old the adventurous mariner
Is on the wide and trackless ocean lost,
And heaven is black with threatening clouds, he sees
The dangerous ocean by the lightning's glare,
And dreads the coming of the stormy wind.
If through the rifts his guiding star appears,
He sets his prow toward the far distant port ;
So was that promise, in those ages dark,
A star of hope. And now that promised seed
Has come ; new life begotten of our God,
And virgin born, he will the reptile slay ;
And yet for us he shall be sorely bruised.

And now, mark him who follows nearest them;
His arms are loaded with the fruits of earth;
The first he was to till the virgin soil,
And brought of these an offering to God.
Another comes, bearing a tender lamb;
He was the first to tame and use the beast,
And brings an offering more acceptable,
As antitype of the pure lamb of God.
Nor shall the flame from off the altar cease,
Until the one and perfect sacrifice
Is offered up.

The fundamental law
Of individuality is love
Of self. Out of this rich and virgin soil,
Neglected, spring the noxious weeds of sin,
Of jealousies, indulgences, of greed,
And violence. Therefore the jealous Cain
His brother Abel slew, though innocent —
First victim of religious selfishness,

Type of the holy sacrifice of love,
Soon to be made. Think it not strange that Cain
Has also come, — the sinner hath most need;
On every wrinkled brow a cross is marked.

Those other two you see, in long white robes,
Moving with solemn, measured step, and slow,
Their censers swinging incense to the heavens,
Are righteous Seth, Enos his worthy son.

They had been first to teach the praise of God,
To name His name upon the race; the first
To recognize social religious instinct,
The prime emotion of the growing life.

And he, so large, leaning against yon rock,
With muscles to the shoulders bared, his hand
Gripping a brazen rod, is Tubal Cain,
The first to leave the age of stone; why comes
The artisan to celebrate the world's
Advance? Of little speech, but mighty works,
Beginning with the crater for his forge,



Why comes the artist to celebrate the world's advance?



Anvil and hammer of the flinty rock,
He shapes the metal into forms of use,
That by necessities are multiplied,
And by inventive skill makes progress swift.
He sometimes, for misuse, forges the sword
And spear and bossy shield, armed chariot,
And the destructive armament; but most
Blesses the home. By him the tents of bark
Or noisome caves have grown to palaces;
And plenty follows plow and reaping hook.
Whoever blesses home, blesses the world.
Home is the very fountain spring of love.

The mountain lake takes to its bosom all
The many streams descending from the hills,
And sends them as a widening river down;
So doth the home gather the rills of love,
And gives them to the current of the love
That fills the ocean of eternity.

Beside him stands his father, first to breathe

The passion of his soul in poetry.
And Lamech ever holdeth by the hand
Another son, Jubal, so beautiful,
Father of such as play the harp and pipe.

O Poesy and Music, early born,
What do we owe to Thee! Under the touch
Of human love doth float the tender soul
Of harmony; the psalmist's raptured hand
Doth sweep the strings, or tremblingly prolongs
The dirge. Of Thee, the trumpets echoing blast,
The deep-toned bell, the cymbal's brazen clash,
The booming drum, soft dulcimer and flute,
Sweet rural pipe, the organ that doth roll
Deep thunder through the vaulted arches high,
Also the timbrel for the joyous dance;
All is of God and therefore good. The breeze
First taught the ear eolian melodies;
Music hath grown to interpret all the soul.
And Poesy will bind the laurel wreath

On Virtue's brow, and lend to Faith her wings,
And give to holy Love enraptured charm.

There comes that Ancient and his noble Sons,
The fathers of a better race of men,
Who to the great divisions gave their names,
They have a forward and a backward look.
Noah, Shem, Ham, and Japhet are their names.
'Twas then earthquake convulsions shook the world;
The fevered, raging, inwards heaved the sea
Upon the sunken land again, and drenched
The lower firmament, that poured in floods.
Then was the earth to its beginnings cast,
But for the saving ark, floating above
A drowning world. How plain and beautiful
The symbolism was of Christ, the ark;
The raven of despair no more returns.
The white winged dove of peace the olive branch
Brings in, the rainbow arch of hope appears.

That host, more than half blind, that follows them,
Out of the prehistoric ages comes.

As they who travel in the wilderness
Often are in the umbrageous twilight lost,
And wander here and there, or far away,
Or follow their own footsteps round and round,
And fall, it may be, near their longed-for home,
And in the dimness of their vision see
Awful creations of their fancies fright,
The strange and the miraculous; so these,
When history was by tradition kept,
Or by the ancient honored bard was sung.
Listen! as now he leads the mystic hosts,
In dithyrambic chant, with sounding harp,
In blindness he is feeling after God.

Most ancient ones harken,
And hear the voice of ages past;

Of one who is not young;
Who saw the beginning of the nations.

When the line was stretched on Calnah;
Upon the deep foundations;

When time was old before the days of Sargon,
Or the days of Naram Sin;

And the dust of ages covered them,
And buried them in ruin heaps.

Then Ur-Gur, the mighty, built upon them;
Above the temple walls of Naram Sin.

His palaces Bur Sin restored;
His name upon the stone is carved.

And then Kudur Nakhundi destroyed;
And hordes of Elamites broke in pieces.

Here stood the towers of heaven,
On which the wise men walked,
Their heads among the stars.

And now the sons of the gods
Took them wives of the fair daughters of men,
And there were born unto them giants.

Then Nimrod the mighty hunter
Slew the fiery flying serpents,
Slew the dragon in the marshes,
And the wild beasts in the forests ;

Builted walls around the cities,
In the kingdom of the river ;

Gathered the tribes and tongues together
And formed them into kingdoms.

As the waves upon the ocean
Leap high in exultation,
Then fall into the lowest depths,
So rise and fall the nations.

Their idol gods are broken.
Where, O where is the God of Gods?
O where is the Supreme One?

No beast was ever yet so powerful,
But there is one that is stronger.

The water also quenches the fire,
On the rocks are the billows broken.

Even the reign of the sun is divided,
And the nights and days are equal.

He retires to his house in the South,
And winter destroys his gardens.

The clouds overcome his brightness.
There is only ONE who is supreme.

See you those ancient and venerable men,
They follow close behind the mystic age,
Like stars along the mists of the horizon,
The three great wandering patriarchal kings,
Chosen progenitors of Israel?
To faithful Abraham the promise was,
"In thee shall all the nations of the earth
Be blessed": to its fulfillment now he comes.
On the same mountain, where the blessed Christ
Made of himself an offering of love,

Isaac the son was offered by consent.
Jacob a ladder saw, of slanting rays,
At Bethel set against the heavens, bright way
On which the heavenly spirits came and went,
Image of Christ, the true and living way,
That bringeth heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.

Behind these honored fathers are the tribes,
Extending backward to the far extremes ;
Among them is the wise Melchizedek,
Priest of the heart, without insignia,
Or robe or mitre, crowned of God alone ;
Of the eternal he is Minister,
In every age and land the soul's high priest,
And in that sanctuary ministers
With constant offering of precious love
And incense dear to God of prayer and praise.
And here the humble and the great alike
Are honored by the presence of the Lord,
In every heart that's pure the sacred fire
Consumes the offering.

He is the king
Of righteousness, the king of Salem — peace,
Which is the constant joy of being right.

O Peace of God! Thou blessed summer land!
Beyond the cloud and storm and stress of life,
Thy never setting sun of love creates
Eternal noon; the day dew of thy grace
Makes ever fresh the pleasant fields; and there
The ravenous beast is in our nature tamed,
And with the mammal lies in sweet content;
The reptile sports with guileless innocence.

Melchizedek has come to crown the Christ,
After his order, the perpetual priest.

Aaron, this priest of nature, followeth
In dress of scarlet, blue, and gold: adorned
With fringe of pomegranates, and golden bells,
A breastplate set with precious stones he wears;
This the inscription on his mitre's front,
"HOLINESS TO THE LORD." He is the priest,
Ordained of form and ceremonial rites;

He has his place when right and true; but false,
He is a horrid and blasphemous lie.

The living plant sends forth its leaves and flowers
And fruits; lacking the life it is a dry,
Unsightly, and decaying form; and so,
The visible must show the inward state.

Behind him is a gowned processional
From every nation under heaven come,
To lay their mitres at the feet of Christ.

Nor was their influence slight to bring the world
Forward to this auspicious time, when man
Shall have one sacrifice of perfect love,
To be a world-wide witness to the truth.

Rejoice! Rejoice! the singing prophets come!
Isaiah leads the glad procession on;
Beside him Virgil, bard of Mantua;
Unshamed the Elect beside the Pagan walks—
And even the idolatrous; for all the world
Expects the perfect man to lead the race

Out of the darkness into heaven's day.

And thus they sing, as they had sung before,
One as a bird awakened in the night,
The other hails the coming of the dawn.

*

A virgin shall conceive, and bear a son.

*

The virgin enters into Saturn's reign.

**

A heavenly branch shall grow from Jesse's roots.

A generation now descends from heaven.

For unto us a child is born, a son
Is given; he shall be called the Wonderful,
The Counselor, the Great and Mighty God,
The Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.
And he on David's throne shall ever reign.

Do thou but smile thy purest, sweetest smile,
The boy is born the iron age to end;
At last the universal golden age
To usher in; the sun in heaven is throned.

Say ye to them that have a fearful heart,
Be strong, be not afraid, behold your God
Will come to recompense, restore and save.
His reign of peace shall never have an end.

The golden months begin their yearly round;
No trace of guilt or thrall of sin remains.
He leads the life the gods have given him.
He knoweth the inhabitants of heaven,
Is known of them. He rules a world at peace.

The wilderness and solitary place
Shall blossom, fair as the full bosomed rose;
Even with joy and singing shall rejoice.
The beauty of the trees of Lebanon,

The fruitfulness of Carmel and of Sharon,
The glory of our God is given them.
The thirsty desert shall be filled with pools
And running streams ; the swamps are pasture land.

For thee, sweet boy, unforced, the earth shall pour
Her presents forth, the ivy, foxglove, bean,
Smiling acanthus, and Assyrian spice.
Breeze waves shall run across the fields of wheat,
And purple clusters on the brier shall grow,
Hard oaks exude the sweetest honey dew.

The lamb and wolf, the leopard and the kid
Together in the grassy fields lie down,
A child shall lead them with a cord of vines ;
The calf and the young lion, and the cow
And bear together feed ; the ravenous beast
Is satisfied to eat the tender grass.
Then with the asp the sucking child shall play,
Even upon the Cockatrice's den.

The goats shall carry their full udders home,
Nor shall they fear huge lions in the way ;
Nor ever in thy grassy cradle hides
The poisonous snake, or plant of fatal juice.

Judah and Israel shall no more contend ;
United, they shall bind their enemies.
The wind shall smite the length of Egypt's sea,
Also the river with her seven mouths
Is dry. In these a highway shall be made,
To bring God's people to their promised land.

Yet for a while, under this virtuous show,
Some of the sin and guile of old remains ;
Such as shall prompt adventurous men in ships
To tempt the ocean's fickle god too far,
Or shut their cities in with massive walls,
Or plow their fields. A second Typhys comes,
A second Argo, heroes again contend,
Again Achilles shall be sent to Troy.

And He among the nations shall be judge,
Rebuking sin ; then shall they beat their swords
To plowshares, and their spears to pruning hooks ;
Behold the nations shall learn war no more.

Prepare a highway for the Lord our God,
Exalt the valleys, and the hills make low,
The crooked straight, and the rough places smooth.
The glory of our God in him appears,
He makes the blind to see, the deaf to hear,
The dumb to sing, the lame to leap for joy.

But afterward, in his maturer years,
The ship shall quit the sea ; the ground produce
Without the harrow, or the pruning hook.
At length the oxen from the yoke are freed ;
The wool assumes rich color on the sheep.

O Son of Jove, look on the sea and earth
Outspread beneath the azure dome of heaven.
Behold how they rejoice in that bright age.

Homer and Hesiod are there; they too,
Sing of the glories of the golden age.

And Job pours out the longing of his soul,
"O that my words were written in a book,
Engraved with iron in the enduring rock!
I know! I know that my Redeemer lives!
And He shall come and stand upon the earth,
And when I shall awake from earthly sleep,
After my body is destroyed by worms,
God clothed in human flesh shall I behold."

Old Ossian, wearing wreath of oak doth sing,
"The storms are darkening in thy misty hand;
Thou takest the sun in wrath, and hidest him
In clouds; afraid are the sons of little men.
The showers descend. But when thou comest forth
In mildness then the morning breeze is near
Thy course; the sun laughs in his fields of blue;
The grey stream winds along the pleasant vale;

The bushes shake their green heads in the wind;
The roe doth lightly toward the desert bound."

But as the spirits throng the glowing path,
We only catch the fragments of their songs,
"Behold the days shall come, saith God the Lord,
That I will raise me up a righteous branch
Out of the root of David; justice shall
He execute; his name shall be the Lord
Our Righteousness."

"Thus saith Jehovah, I
Will plant a branch upon the mountain top,
A goodly cedar with its spreading boughs
In which the fowl of every land shall perch."

"One shepherd shall be over all the sheep,
Even like David; they shall be no more
A prey; even the forests are secure."

Then Michael the prince withstood our foes,
Rescued his people from their enemies;

The Savior King on Zion shall appear."

"But in the last days it shall come to pass
Zion above all hills shall be exalted,
And all the nations shall flow into her."

"O daughter of Jerusalem, rejoice
And shout, behold your king! Lowly and just
Comes unto thee upon an ass's colt!"

What need we more, all time doth testify,
From when the new-born world was wrapt in clouds,
Until in heaven's glory it appears.

BOOK IV



ARGUMENT

In this fourth book a further account is given of the assembly on the mountain of transfiguration, describing the procession of the kings; the twelve legions of angels, their orders, and meaning, and whence they came; also the arrival of the glorious Cherubim: lastly the sevenfold divisions of man's nature. In all of these the advancing orders of spiritual progression are shown.

In that procession of the kings, all rule
And all authority is coming on,
From him who with brute force and courage brought
The weaker to his will, unto the time
Of God's anointed kings — ordained to rule.
And in that purpling train are emperors,
And governors and presidents and chiefs
And patriarchs and judges, legislators,
All they who led in the advancing life.
Each bears his symbol of authority,
Or staff or sceptre, wreath or crown, to grace
The glorious triumph of the son of man.
Night breezes in their phantom banners stir,
Once they did hold the loyal subjects' hearts.

And had been followed even to wounds and death.

Under that flag, with lion couchant, comes
David, and all his princely retinue.
He knows the crowning soon to be upon
This mount, will make his line perpetual.

And they who bear the emblazoned bird of Jove,
Are Tribunes, Emperors, of mighty Rome.

And those who walk beneath the golden crown,
Are the wise rulers of the Golden Isles.

Beneath the silver crescent moon, you see
The proud and ancient line of Pharaohs.

Flaunting the dragon in his crimson folds,
Are the celestial rulers of Cathay.

Bearing a blazing sun in azure field,
Are half forgotten kings of Babylon.

In that procession some were wise and good,
And some were monsters drunk with human blood,
Some rough and barbarous drank wine in skulls,
And some were weak and cruel in their fear;

But all are coming now to give him rule,
Whose right it is to reign the King of Kings.

Beneath an ensign all of purest white
Follow the many uncrowned kings of earth.
Their better kingdoms were the hearts of men.
Although they had not all essential truth,
They upward led in the progressive way,
And were inspired thus far of God; Buddha,
Confucius, Lycurgus, Socrates,
And many more.

Others who never felt
The breath of fame, poor and unsung they were,
Yet ever did the duty nearest them.
Unknown of men, well known they were to God.
Their motives, clarified of selfish taint,
Unstimulated by applause, were pure.
Lovingly, patiently, giving their lives
In humble spheres, they unremembered fell
Into the common dust; brightest they shine
Of all.

High o'er the mount a banner floats

A blood red cross in wide, pure argent field,
Touching each vantage point with crimson light.
O ignominious sign! Ensanguined cross!
Within thy crimson halo, O how strange!
The ugly is more hideous, the fair
Most beautiful! The greatest love is told
In greatest sacrifice for those we love.
O Sorrow, blessed is thy ministry!
In travail we begin our mortal life,
And with a wail we first begin to breathe;
We pass to the immortal life under
The gloomy arches of the sepulchre;
And all reward is joy in sacrifice.
Has love indeed no other gate than this
To enter heaven's kingdom?

Now, O Muse,

Point out the legions from the distant spheres,
Not flying down from heaven's pearly gates,
But from the regions of the starry fields
They come. These lights have left their azure depths,

And fill the earth with sparkling radiance.
These are the twelve great legionary guards
The Father sends to guard his honored son.
And they, in honor of the son of man,
Human appearance also have assumed.
As by one thought, in perfect unison,
They by the spirit of the Living God
Are moved, the blinding flashes fill the heavens.
Tell me their ancient names and whence they came.

Far to the west the bright ELRISCHA see,
The leader of the twelve celestial hosts
That mark the glowing highway of the sun.
His native seat is on that orb we see,
Where ancient seers beheld two fishes swim
The deep. One touch of his ethereal spear
Loosens the grasp of winter on the earth.

Yonder, behold ALMAAC as he moves
Before his glittering legions on the south.
Scathed by his azure drapery concealed.

He is the very symmetry of strength.
Three stars, one blue, one yellow, and one red,
Are in his towering helmet's front alight.
They represent three suns, that in his realm
Glow with prismatic colored light; and here
Distinguished by the colors are the days;
The yellow dawns upon the setting blue,
Red follows yellow, blue succeeds the red,
Making each day of a peculiar hue,
This constitutes the week. The varied tints,
The seconds, minutes, and the hours, define.
These lights and shades make life a color dream;
The floating clouds are poems in their tints;
And every drop a brilliant rainbow holds;
With ever changing colors bloom the flowers.
Here, in this region of supreme delight,
The summons of the Lord Almaac found.
His countenance so beautiful makes glad
The smiling earth, and all the shining heavens.



*Rigel, Magnificent
Draped in his azure robes, his massive form
Towers into the heavens. Did he but shout
The startled earth would wander in her course.*

Yonder is SIRIUS; his helmet shows
The brightest star, as it is nearest us,
Yet is so far it has no parallax;
And light flies swiftly for a thousand days
To reach our earth. His throne of light is here.
He, like Jehovah, knows the secret heart.
He scans the heavens and earth and lowest depths;
And sly deceit, though in the darkness hid,
Or clothed in angel guise, he soon detects.

See UNUK, on the north he leads his hosts;
Their blazing ranks are in the distance lost.
He bears a single star upon his breast,
Its solitary light shines farthest out.
His legion came from where a single sun
Has ample space for many other suns.
Unuk, immense, would shade the earth entire.
His giant stride would be from world to world.

Before that dreadful center, RIGEL shows;
With shining foot advanced he standeth armed.

His scabbard with three stars hangs from a belt
Of three. His realm, where giant forces work,
Is where their winds would sweep away the earth
As though it was a flying leaf, and floods
Would overwhelm it as a little thing.
Rivers are oceans ; islands, continents ;
Oceans and continents illimitable.
One of their suns would our horizon fill.
Here the inhabitants have size and strength
Proportionate. RIGEL, magnificent !
Draped in his azure robe, his massive form
Towers into the heavens. Did he but shout,
The startled earth would wander in her course.
And at his awful rush, the hosts of men
With armor and with arms, and chariots
With horses, would in bloody ruin pile.
One stroke of his archangel sword would cleave
The earth, its mountains, and its depths of rocks.

Further along the line the swift ALTAIR,
Behold how graceful, yet how rapid moves.

Two wings, upraised, extend above his head,
Two wing his feet, and two each hand. His words
Oustrun the lightning when the thunder follows,
And yet his presence overtakes them soon.
How rapid move the swiftly circling worlds
Within the province of the swift Altair ;
Ere you could say "a thousand miles," the space
Is passed. Their suns burst into day, and pass,
All in the compass of an earthly hour ;
Their years are little longer than our months.
As you have seen the moon with silver sheen
Glide through the flying clouds of windy March ;
So the celestial bodies move across
Their heavens ; and all requires the quickest haste.
The blessed swift Altair doth execute
Mercy, as well as justice ; warning gives,
And promises fulfills ; and drops more swift
Than meteor to do the will of God.

There VEGAEL with loveliest grace adorned,
Moves with the rhythm of perfect harmony,

As doth his legion, or in unison,
Or else responsive, or in sweet accord.
He came from that celestial region where
The ear is so attuned, so delicate,
Even the music of the spheres is heard,
The singing orb in the ascendant leads.
Nor change of day or night or seasons there,
But change of melody. And all the range
Of passionate desire is musical;
And worship is exalted hymn of praise.

O Vegael, thy golden sceptre wave,
The fierce and cruel beast in us shall fawn,
Even the raging tempest turn to calm.

Look now, far to the south, Great ZUBBENEL
Holdeth aloft the starry balances,
Wherein the worlds are weighed in equity,
Regarding not whichever way they turn.
The stern archangel and his flaming hosts
Unmoved and upright stand, with forward gaze;

Thy never asked or needed mercy, hence
Are stern, inflexible; for whence they came
Untempered justice reigns supreme; the sword
When drawn is never sheathed, but ever flames
A warning; only to the wicked are
These angels dreadful; to the righteous one
Justice is mercy. Over this sinful world
Is held aloft the flaming two-edged sword;
Soon fair-faced mercy flying out of heaven,
Will bow her head to the descending stroke.
But in that province of obedience
Justice alone is most divinely fair.

MENKAR, the huge of bulk, amidst his hosts,
Stands like a snow-capped peak above the range.
Their ranks are not so dense, but scattered wide.
His vast extent of kingdom is the scene
Of many new created worlds. His power
Is ponderous.

Now to the left of these,

See happy ARIDED. Far in the depths
Of space there is a region where the stars,
To us, make the appearance of a cross,
But to the old astronomers, a swan,
As if it floated down the milky stream.
In all that system is the greatest joy.
Inspired of the divine philosophy,
Their thought is all for other's happiness.
This is the universal law of love,
Only in giving all, we all receive.
O blessed state! O happy spheres! where sin
And selfishness are never found to mar
The life, and therefore sorrow is unknown.
O happy Arided, do thou but wave
Thy golden wand, and every shadow flees.

And now, behold of spirit kings the chief,
Immortal Michael and Mishael,
Greatest of the archangel hierarchy,
The servants, yet commanders of the whole.
For at the first (I ask not when that was,

For one could know eternity as well,
And aeons could not measure time since passed,
Millions of cycles is but young compared ;
In the beginning, of themselves is meant —
They are no nearer to eternity.)
Within an ample space, twin suns were made,
With double worlds revolving in their light.
These were the nuclei around which turned
Many twin suns and their attendant spheres.
Nor need this center have sufficient size
To hold by gravity their weight combined
In their appointed rounds, for all are kept
By nice adjustment of momentum and
Position of attraction ; so the whole
Is governed by the parts, the parts by all,
In perfect and eternal harmony.
Right model of a true republic this.
And now within this ancientest of realms
Are evolution's grand accomplishments,
The endless way of the Omnipotent.

For those who live within these glorious realms
Obtain complete control over themselves,
And over all the worlds on which they dwell,
Also hold converse with their neighbor spheres.

Behold! The two archangels move as one,
Bright gemini of heaven! Their legions march
In ranks of two and two; and everything
Is duplicate, their power is doubled thus,
Their wisdom twice as great, their love increased
By two, their peace is like two rivers joined,
Their joy as if a bursting fountain from
Another fountain rose. Now Michael
And Mishaël, with the united strength
And glory God is pleased to give to them,
Have come to lay them at the feet of him,
The perfect Son of Man, the Son of God.

The Cherubim! The Cherubim! Behold!
See, in the northern heavens those wondrous lights!
Thousands of wings ingleam the feathery glow,

The light grows to a dazzling radiance,
High over all outspread enormous wings.
And earth is fanned, as with the breath of heaven.
Four dazzling wheels, wheel within wheel, appear,
And dreadful in their height ; they are so placed,
The awful chariot of God turns not ;
And as it goes they sometime touch the earth,
Then bound and roll beneath the firmament.
Nearest the earth are borne the images
Of the four orders of begotten life,
Facing the north, the south, the east, the west ;
And these are hidden by the sheltering wings.
Upon their heads they bear a jasper throne,
Encanopied with rainbow firmament.
Seated upon that throne, the form of man,
Robed in supernal light, with jeweled crown,
Would make the sun a darkened spot appear.
And as the man directs the vision flies
So suddenly it moves, the tardy light
Is left behind ; and dreadful thunderings

The blinding flashes follow, as the voice
Of the eternal God. Now o'er the mount
They stand with folded wings. In heaven and earth
Silence ensues, to hear that human voice
Proceeding from the mighty Cherubim.

“Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! Ye of earth,
And farthest come! Worthy occasion calls,
Where man will enter by a covenant
Into the highest heaven of the immortals.
To human thought the way is long and hard,
And filled with deepest tragedy. Up from
The lowest form of life, by birth and death,
By the assertive power of the best,
And guiding spirit of the life in Christ,
The confines of the perfect life are reached.
Even the entrance gate is low and hard,
And he will by the greatest sacrifice
Enter the highest realm, and leave the gate
Ajar, that all at last may hither come,

To live with him in sweet accord of love
And work. The waiting moments ages seem,
Yet God, and earth have waited, O so long.
Worthy! the crown of everlasting life!"

And then, to open vision could be seen
That all the wings and wheels were full of eyes,
Which can discern the inmost heart. O Muse,
What mean the forms the Cherubim assume.

"These eyes, are wisdom; wheels, are certitude;
Wings, are celerity; the rainbow, hope;
The throne, is universal sovereignty,
And he that sits thereon, the Son of Man;
That all pervading light, God's spirit is;
And their unswerving going, is the law;
Thunder, the warning that He gives; their wings
Folded, His peace.

O marvel not that man,
Enthroned upon the highest Cherubim,
With glory and with honor will be crowned,

Only a little lower was he made,
In him shall the Creator honored be.
His sevenfold nature reaches from the dense,
Upward to God, pure spirit, infinite,
Eternal and Omnipotent ; these grades
Are triune sevenths, the universal scale ;
Like as the seven-branched candlestick of lights
In all these natures witnessing they come.

First, Matter, simple or combined, includes
Them all ; herein is birth, herein is death.
The earthly bodies then important seemed,
While in them man could apprehend no higher,
But in effects ; as in the moving leaves,
And water waves, he knows the unseen breeze
Is passing ; whence it comes, or where it goes,
He cannot tell ; so was the spirit known.

Second, the grosser form is laid aside,
He lives in the Ethereal Medium.
Unbound by gravity, in subtile grace,
It fills all matter and pervades all space ;

In it the swiftly flying light is winged,
And lightning leaps with an impatient bound ;
In it is life, the Life, the glorious wheel
Involving wheel. Thus as the density
Decreases, energy increases, even
To the Omnipotent.

Third, more refined,
Pervading matter and the ethereal
Is what you know as Instinct, near to thought ;
Intelligence it is in lower sphere.

And fourth, pervading all below is where
Reason doth sit upon his golden throne :
And Memory, and Judgment, Choice, and Will
Are ministers.

Fifth, comes the blissful seat
Of the emotions. Love is standing near
The open door of heaven here, and through
The inviting portals sees the sea of glass,
And in its depths the glory of the throne,
The trees of evergreen, of healing balm,

And many kinds of fruits.

And then the sixth,
Is of refinement almost infinite ;
So very subtile, ether seemeth gross ;
And swiftly flying light, laggard and dull.
In this pure medium, as monitor,
The angel of your being, Conscience sits.

O'er all, immortal and enthroned, is God
Incarnate. How the eternal, undiminished,
Imparts Himself to individuals
Unnumbered, only Himself can know.
But thus is man an image of his God
And Father ; given personality,
Though finite seems, has immortality.
So constituted that the inner man
Is manifested in the outer form.
In any of these states we do not die,
But cast the shell and live in higher realms —
Kingdom of heaven, the home of light and life.

Like as the butterfly, with breathing wings,
Passing from flower to flower in the free air,

Has left the dull cocoon ; so he shall leave
The outer shell, enter the wingéd life
Of freedom and unfailing bliss.

And now,
Are congregated on the mount all forms
Of these, or will, where that one perfect man
Will take the vow to fight the final duel
To the death. Clad in the panoply of heaven,
His girdle truth, breastplate of righteousness,
Sandals of peace, the full orbéd shield of faith,
And helmet of salvation, spirit sword,
Two-edged, flaming ; he will strike off the mask
Of grinning Fallacy, or Satan if
You will ; drive his deceitful legions back —
The cause of all man's disobedience
And woe — into the bottomless abyss
Of dark oblivion.

BOOK V



ARGUMENT

"After six days," says the Gospel narrative. In this, the most important of creation's weeks, in which Jesus makes preparation for his exaltation, the disciples are abiding at Capernaum. In their assemblings they make note of some of the important events of his life. Mary, the mother of Jesus, as the most competent witness, gives them some account of his early life. John relates what the Master told him of his temptation in the wilderness. Peter speaks of the calling of his disciples. The book ends with a preparation of the mind for a rational acceptance of the wonderful works of Christ in the sixth book.

Jesus, six days before this day of days,
Had with a strange emotion left the twelve,
And they wondering watched him go until
The Galilean hills hid him from view.
Then had they gone into Capernaum,
The home of Jesus, and their own, and there,
This week of all creation's weeks, abode,
Awaiting his return. And meeting oft;
What could they think or speak of, but of him.
They chose this interval to write a plain
And truthful history. For without use

Would be his incarnation, teaching, work,
And sacrificial death, were they unknown,
Or only by tradition handed down,
Obscured by myth and fable fanciful.
Matthew and John were chosen scribes.

One day

The blessed Mother Mary sat with them,
For being his, they were to her as sons.
No other knew so well his early life;
And then the natural is most delicate,
And the apparent rose is quite as chaste
As the drooping violet. Concordia,
Beloved wife of Peter, sat with her.

Mary was saying, "In the month Elul,
I sat alone, till very late at night,
Reading Isaiah's prophecy; the lines
Strangely impressive seemed. The consciousness,
As of a presence near, lifted mine eyes.
There stood an angel, bending as if he
Would read the passage too. He said, 'All Hail!

Thou highly favored! God is with thee! Blessed
Among women art thou!' And then noting
My troubled look, he said, 'Mary, fear not,

Lo, thou shalt bear a son, and call his name
Jesus; he shall be great, and shall be called
Son of the Highest; and the Lord shall give
To him his father David's righteous throne;
Over the house of Israel shall he reign,
And of his kingdom there shall be no end.'

I said to him, 'O how can these things be?'
The angel said, 'Even the Holy Ghost,
Even the power of the Most High God
Shall overshadow thee, therefore the child
Shall be the son of God.' The seraph gone,
There came the blessed overshadowing,
My life upspringing in supernal bliss.'

John said, 'Thus far we have the items down.'
Mary, with queenly modesty proceeds,

"Caesar made a decree to tax the world.
Joseph and I went up from Nazareth,

And we must even go to Bethlehem.

He was a noble prince of David's line —
I rode, he led the beast so patiently,
Jostled aside upon the crowded way,
Although a king in heart and his own right,
He bore it all for me, and I to him
Was queen. We tarried at Jerusalem
Almost a day. I saw him give the priest
A single turtle dove, brought from our home.
O royal heart, thine offering should have been
Ten thousand bullocks to the altar flames!
Ere we arrived at Bethlehem 'twas night;
The inns were full, the stable cave must be
Our lodging place; before the crunching beasts,
Upon the provender, our humble bed.
Being so tired we could have slept at last,
Had not the babe of promise here been born.
Good Joseph wrapped him in his swaddling clothes,
And laid him by my side. We were aware
Of peering faces, and of voices hushed.

Soon their dim forms we saw kneeling around;
Bowling their weathered faces in their hands,
They wept, and even prayed unto the babe,
And praised the Lord. When they arose to go,
Joseph inquired; I heard one answer him,
‘As we were in the fields watching our flocks,
An angel of the Lord came over us,
The glory of the Lord shone round about,
And we were sore afraid; the angel said,
“Fear not, I bring you tidings of great joy
Unto all people; for unto you is born
This day, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.
And this shall be a sign to you; behold,
In David’s city ye shall find the babe,
In swaddling clothes, and in a manger laid.”
And suddenly was with the angel all
The multitude of the heavenly hosts, that sang,
“Glory to GOD in the highest, and on earth
Peace, and good will to men.” And said to us
That we should find the babe in Bethlehem.’

Then the rejoicing shepherds went their way.
These things I long have treasured in my heart.
Soon as we might we left the stable cave,
And yet we dwelt awhile in Bethlehem.

Joseph was keeping watch outside the door.
I heard him say, 'A royal caravan
Comes up the highway from Jerusalem,
Bearing three ancient, wise, and kingly men.
From the far distant east they must have come,
And by their hasting may have lost their way.
They come this way! I hope they mean no harm.'

Outside, I heard the camel's muffled tread,
Shuffle of feet, and hum of voices low.
Three slaves, carrying precious things, came in;
Three venerable men were following;
They came and bowed their faces to the floor,
Together rose, each in his golden cup
Blew up the sacred fire, sprinkled thereon
Powdered frankincense, pleasant smelling myrrh;
Three times they waved their incense toward the north,

And toward the South three times, three toward the west,
Three times they swung their censers to the east.

And then, the eldest took a golden rod —
Upon its top a little globe was winged, —
And clasped it tightly in the infant's hand;
Then kneeling all, they seemed to pray to him,
And in an unknown tongue chanted a hymn.
One, rising, held aloft a silver star,
Pointed to it, then to the new-born babe;
I thought I saw the infant almost smile.
And then they gave him many precious gifts
Of gold, of frankincense and myrrh; then bowed,
And with their faces turned to him, retired.
Their costly gifts a special providence,
For Joseph's frugal store was almost gone.
And being warned of Herod's jealousy
And wrath, we needs must into Egypt flee,
Until his death; when back to Nazareth
We came and dwelt. And the child Jesus grew
In stature and in wisdom day by day."

Thomas, who had a questioning mind, then said,
"Stories are told of childish miracles,
How barren fields blossomed with starry flowers,
And unwinged animals would soar the heavens,
The birds would trill their songs in human speech,
The trees bent down their branches to his hand,
At his command dull stones would move and speak,
And bursting springs would bathe his childish feet,
And cherub angels for his pleasure sang —
The wonderful in telling loses not."

The blessed Mother Mary answered thus,
"Not so, he lived a natural human life,
Much more than we, because a perfect life.

The happy Christ-child never laughed or cried,
We cry with pain, or to enforce our wants:
He needed but to smile, to open up
The deepest fountain of parental love.
Laughter is like the crackle of the thorns
Beneath the pot.

Jesus was great and good

In smallest things, as well as in the large.
God's estimate is on the doer, not
The deed. Nothing he did unworthy seemed."

Philip, who had the most of learning, sayeth,
"The Scribes and Pharisees have asked, 'Whence hath
This man his knowledge, never having learned?' "
Then she, "He knew, simply because he knew,
As God doth know; newness of life he is,
Of Him direct.

He too was studious,
From every source drew wisdom for his work.
He read the works of nature as a book;
Would take a little pebble in his hand,
And read to us its history, through fire,
Tempest and flood; would take a little seed,
And tell — but could not make us understand —
What was the life, and how it grew in kind.
He reasoned upward from the cause to fact;
We from the fact attempt to find the cause.

He knew the life in animals and man,

How it creates, maintains, the living forms.
And well he knew derangement and disease,
And therefore the most potent remedies."

Then Philip, who had the most of learning, said,
"Prescience we know is first and reason's base,
And knowledge from its source direct is best —
If understood; so their objection fails,
And only shows him great. Knowing the laws
Of nature, also keeping them, with no
Inheritance of evil taint, he lives
A painless life, and free from every ill;
And every thought, passion, and appetite
Is pure and good, — not faint and colorless —
For wisdom and heroic self-control
Give strength and heavenly beauty to his life.
And perfect love — he does not will to love,
His soul is love, just as the sun is light —
Is seen in every act."

Concordia asked,
"In any wise did he not disobey?"

Mary replied, "We never gave command;
A wish, expressed or shown by us, was law
As far as right.

O, these were happy days,
His life the sunshine of a pleasant day,
No fret, or worry, as we mortals have —
Short sighted ones — but peaceful trust in God."

Then Matthew from the roll looked up, saying,
"Good mother, may we have an incident
For record that will show his character?"
And she, "Jesus was only twelve years old;
We left him at Jerusalem, and knew
It not, until we camped at eventide.
We neither ate nor slept in our wild search;
In all the city throngs no trace we found.
Three days of wild alarm, despair, we sought.

At last we in the temple found the child,
Sitting among the Doctors of the Law,
Asking and answering questions of the law.
The aged at his wisdom were amazed,

And learning in the scriptures. Seeing him,
I cried, 'O son, why so hast dealt with us?
Father and I have sought thee sorrowing.'
He said, 'Why did ye seek for me elsewhere?
Ye should have known, I in my Father's house
Would be.'"

Philip again, "Your question well
Was answered. They who gather knowledge long
And constantly will gather very much,
The word of God is an unfathomed sea,
And most of it is in the awful depths,
And but a little on the surface waves;
What wonder that they wondered much, to find
The youth had knowledge of its lowest depths.
Loved Mother, tell us more of how he lived."

Then she, the blessed mother of our Lord,
"In his apparel he was neat and clean —
No ornament; the equal pride was shunned
Of gaudy dress, or roughly singular.
The heavenly beauty of his face and form

Was at the pinnacle of nature's art,
And no adornment further could receive.
His auburn locks, of David's royal type,
Were always kempt, and hung about his neck
In beauteous charm of ivory-white and gold.
He ate and slept with regularity,
Labored for strength, as for the maintenance.

Oft have I seen him look for hours into
The heavens, speechless before its mysteries.

These things I long have treasured in my heart,
And yet the mystery is deepening still."

John, the beloved, answered soothingly,
"Although he teaches us from day to day,
Only a little can we comprehend.
Yet there will come a time, he said to us,
When we shall know and understand his life.
Until that time, we still will follow him."

Here, Mary and Concordia withdrew
Unto their humble homes.

And now the twelve



*Oft have I seen him look for hours into
The heavens, speechless before its mysteries.*

Of their own observation spake and wrote
Upon the sacred rolls.

“On Jordan’s banks,”

Andrew was saying, “that eventful day,
Five of us, Philip, Peter, James, and John,
Disciples of the Baptist, stood with him,
Jesus the Christ, so pure and beautiful,
Came to the ford; and he strange contrast was
To shaggy John with hair and beard uncut,
And coat of camel’s hair, with leather girt.

The Baptist, knowing him the worthiest,
Would be baptised of him; Jesus forbade.
The sacred rite performed by John, he saw
The mystic spirit-dove of purest white
Burst from the dazzling heavens, and descend
Upon the Christ; heard the commission given,
‘This is my well beloved son, in whom
I am well pleased.’

And with the dove, Jesus
Was also gone. ‘Why did he leave the earth

So soon?' I asked. But later on, we learned,
The spirit led him to the wilderness;
What there occurred he afterward made known —
The very thought of it would make him pale —
How in his soul utmost temptation wrought.
Little there was to eat, he cared for less,
So taken by his contemplation, led
Without another thought or care, but how
His mission to begin and carry on.
Though afterward, a hunger gaunt and fierce
And ravenous, like to the beasts that prowl
The wilderness, pursued him cruelly.
So to his fevered, anguished brain, the stones
Upon the ground resembled loaves of bread.
He took one up, then cunning sophistry,
The reptile source of every evil deed,
By the extreme of hunger reinforced,
Tempted, 'And if thou be the Son of God
Say to this stone, be bread; thy mission test;
Starving, thy work shall end ere it begins.

To perish with the means of sustenance
In thine own hand is self destruction. You
have fasted forty days, the end is near.'

Then by the wisdom and the strength of him,
First perfect man, he to the tempter said,
'Bread feedeth not the real life of man,
That is sustained by union with the Lord.'
He knew temptation seeks the weakest part,
A point minute and hard to be discerned;
The dangerous waters find the small crevasse.
He saw that selfish use of higher power
Would lift him from the realm of human life.
Therefore as man his mission would have end,
If others were to trust in God, then why
Not he, even in dire extremity.
And here he met and vanquished selfishness.

Evils are not so easy to defeat,
Though often driven away, often return,
And upward from the beastly nature swarm.
Jesus for guidance knelt in silent prayer,

This thought came at the most deceptive time,
‘Now is the Passover, the temple courts
Are thronged — from every nation under heaven.
If I should stand upon its pinnacle
Before them all, when every eye was fixed,
And as the Son of God proclaimed should leap
From thence, if by the angels wafted down
Unhurt, would I not stand acknowledged then
Of all?’ The perfect man, as other men
Shall sometime be, the evil in the thought
Discerned, and said, ‘Presumption! Barren display!
Can man presume that God will change his laws
To suit each individual desire?
Confusion worse confounded would ensue.
God has eternity, before, and since,
In which to answer every prayer is made,
Why therefore need the supernatural?
Jesus again hath gained the victory.

And yet temptation foiled, followeth still.

One typical temptation yet remains.

Absorbed in meditation, Jesus sat,
And in his clear imagination saw,
As prospect from a lofty mountain height,
The kingdoms of the world; the continents
He scans, with inland lakes, and winding streams,
Their mountains purpled in the distant haze,
Green hills where flocks and herds contented graze;
He sees the dim horizon of the seas,
And many islands with their wave-washed shores;
He looks upon the city spires and roofs,
And the thick-masted harbor's busy mart;
Out of the city gates the serried ranks
Are marching forth, in glittering array,
Clad in the showy panoply of war.
Great moving fields they are of shining spears,
And rushing throngs of gilded chariots.
With shout, and clanging shield, and trumpet blast,
They go to meet the bloody battle shock.

All this he in a moment's time beheld.

 This thought suggested to his kingly heart,
Was by an adversary, if you will,
'If I should use the power is given me
These warring nations to unite in one,
By me princes should rule in judgment, and
In equity; the nations then would beat
Their swords to useful plowshares, and their spears
To pruning hooks; and war would be no more,
And all the earth be conquered into peace.

 Now, only this will be required of you;
The cares of state, of wealth, and power, are great,
Your time and interest must be entire.'
In this, the Christ sees that the hollow peace
Is but a treacherous shell, enclosing round
The seething fires of passion, pride, and power,
And makes the task only more difficult
To lift the individual into
His high estate. Only the warmth of love
Can reach the units of the race, to melt

And mould them into one, in likeness to
The perfect man — conformity of love,
Kingdom of heaven on earth. In every thing
Divinest evolution works God's will.

Jesus, using the written word again,
Replied, 'Hence, Adversary, worship God,
Him only shalt thou serve.' And then came rest,
And angel ministry."

Silence followed
The words of Andrew. Speechless they, to see
The perfect wisdom of the Son of Man.
Peter as ever was the first to speak,
"We saw him coming from the wilderness,
The Baptist cried, 'Behold the Lamb of God!'
Four of us followed him, leaving our nets."
And here their session ended for the day.

* * *

Now, O Divinest One, Sweet Muse, lead thou
With steady flight, the high ascent of faith.
We leave the earthly mists of doubt and fear,

If we may reach a more exalted plane.

Here drop thy wing, and let our timid feet
Rest on this solid rock of truth awhile,
On EVOLUTION.

Body, soul, and spirit,
In sevenfold unity together rise,
To God's ideal finally are brought;
Finite intelligence to infinite
Is joined, in this supreme accomplishment.

Therefore the message by a messenger
Was sent, also a perfect pattern given;
And Christ alone has perfect worthiness.

Now, Virgin One, another upward flight,
Even to here. Guard thou with fluttering wing
The dizzy edge, whilst I this truth explore.
Again the rock is CHRIST. None other had
The highest wisdom, love, and power; wisdom
To know the truth though error should be e'er
So plausible, to whom the wondrous laws
Of nature, secrets of the Lord, could be

Safely made known, having wisdom and love
To only use the power for good. Now Christ,
By the Jehovah Father's knowledge given,
Did work the works of God, or miracles
If you prefer to call them so. Know ye
That miracles to-day, to-morrow may
Be natural.

Now, Heavenly One, thy plumes
Outspread, fly to the summit of this faith.
Over this height we dare not look below,
For awful are the depths below our ken.
This rock is, WE SHALL ALSO BE AS GODS.
Can we not now perform things wonderful?
As Jesus said, greater than he had done?
Can we not talk across the ocean wide?
With glass explore the outer depths of space?
And even weigh and measure distant worlds?
And read the hidden secrets of the rocks,
Great mausoleums of the earliest life?
And may not life itself be understood?
Are not diseases more and more controlled?
Science is learning what was known to Christ.

Believing soul, look up! Behold the wide
Horizon shows the hemisphere entire.
Spurn with thy feet the sordid earth, and rise
Into the freedom of the cloudless heaven.
Thy wings shall soar at last the atmosphere
Of perfect faith. Harken, the voice of God!
The words are spoken also unto You,
"THIS IS MY SON, IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED;
FOR THOU ART WORTHY TO RECEIVE HONOR,
AND MIGHT, HIGHEST DOMINION; COME THOU UP
AND REIGN WITH ME, EVEN FOREVERMORE.

AMEN! AMEN!"

BOOK VI

ARGUMENT

The disciples continue their personal recollections of some of the most important events in the life of Jesus which had occurred up to this time. Only types of his many mighty works are given to show the power that will be in complete knowledge and wisdom.

The spirit is a harp of golden strings,
The angel strikes the symphonies of heaven,
And earthly fingers touch the minor chords
Of sorrow and of sympathy. In Christ
They all vibrate in perfect unison.

The glowing sun rose o'er the eastern hills,
And looked with sparkling joy across the lake
Of Galilee. The twelve again had met
At the many roomed house of John, beloved.
Always impetuous, Peter first began,
"Let us begin now with his ministry;
Some of the most important points we first
Recount." Then John replied, "If everything
That Jesus said or did were written down

'Twould fill the world with books ; minutes to him
Were treasure store of opportunity."

Often we look upon the flower, admire
Its form and color, and inhale the sweet ;
The botanist doth analyze the same,
And knows the name and purpose of the parts,
Calyx, corolla, stamen, pistil, stem ;
So the disciples took the known events
And dwelt upon their varied incidents.
Sincere Nathaniel was next to speak.

"One healing most impressed my memory.
That day we journeyed near my former home,
Where lived Gemali, crippled from his birth.
A sweeter character I never knew,
So patient, thankful, kind ; often 'tis so,
They who have least to enjoy, most thankful feel ;
Souls that are sorely tried, most patient are ;
Hearts the most needy, have the most to give.
He was beloved of all, we neighbor boys
Would bring our treasured toys for his delight.

His parents more in his affliction loved.
Learning our going would be near their home,
I gave them word. O, I can ne'er forget
The yearning look upon Gemali's face,
Upturned unto the Christ's; his parents, too,
Watched every move; the waiting seemed an age;
And tears of sympathy ran down our cheeks.
Jesus alone stood calm, as if his heart
Felt not the mute appeal, though afterward,
We knew he waited for their faith to grow.
He slowly to the helpless man drew near,
And took him by the hand, and bade him rise.
The thrill of life flies through those shrunken limbs
And feet. He stands! The parents hold him up,
He knoweth not to walk. Will sudden joy
Make him forget? Not so! Gemali turns
And kneeling, worships Christ in thankfulness."

Then James, addressing John, his brother, said,
"You know our sweetest cousin Zereda,
How she was stricken with the leprosy.

A loving mother she, of that high type
That is of Solomon so highly praised.
So fair, so kind, so true.

So ardently

She loved her little family; of all
The world, why she was smitten, tried our faith.
I went to see our cousin afterward,
From her own lips the painful story heard.
She noticed first a spot upon her hand
That would not heal, with tendency to scale.
The dread of leprosy haunted her thoughts,
And as a sheeted spectre in her dreams
Would not be laid. Even to know the worst
And be resigned would be a rest to her.
'Go to the priest, for he alone is judge,'
They said to her. Then she her little ones
Would see, and clinging Love would Hope embrace;
But Fear, at last, dragged her unwilling steps
Unto the temple gates; then Love, again,

Called her; she started to return, and met
The thought, am I a child of Israel,
And disobey the law? For Moses knew
Even my darlings might be smitten too.
She straightway sought the priest, held out her hand,
Intently, silently, looked into his face
To read the earliest intelligence.
He said, 'My daughter, it is leprosy.'
Too stunned for tears, she turned at once to go.
Thoughtful of home, she stayed her faltering steps,
'Tell them where I have gone — my family,'
She said, and drew her veil about her face,
Passed out and down into the vale of tombs,
And there abode. And when at evening time
The ghostly shadows crept across the floor
Would crouch against the wall, stony and cold
As human sympathy. A living tomb!
Only the still, cold, dead can rest therein!
Hers is a living death; breathings of joy

Are passed, the ghastly form of life remains.
O God! would there be sin to make an end?
And she, exhausted with her sorrow, slept.
O pitying heaven! and dreamed she was at home,
And saw her little children at their play,
And heard their merry prattle in their play.
And then, through cramp and chill, the vision changed,
Yearning, she stood outside the door concealed,
And heard her darling little one cry out,
'I want my mamma. Where my mamma gone?'
Awakened by the anguish in her heart —
The light of morning in the cavern shone —
She, staggering, passed into the waking joy
Without. There is a sorrow that can make
Joy seem a mockery. She sat beside
The food and drink was left her in the night.

'A man approaches on the narrow path!'
For I had told the loving Christ of her,
And he had sought her at the earliest dawn.

'Unclean! Unclean! He heareth not. Unclean!
Unclean! Unclean! He stayeth not his steps.'

She covered up her face until he pass.

'Daughter,' — heaven never heard a sweeter sound —
'Can'st thou believe?' Dead hope was raised to life
And led with hastening wing her faith to him.

'Yea, Lord, thou art the Christ, the Son of God.'
'Thy faith hath made thee whole.' He took her hand
And gently bade her rise.

And then she saw
That swollen leprous hand, in his, grow smooth
And soft and beautiful; and felt the thrill
Of life pulse through her veins; her bloodshot eyes
Grew clear and bright; her dry and parched lips
Flushed as the petals of the dew-washed rose.

She would have hastened home, and mother love
Would lend her wings; but kneeling at his feet,
She looked into that countenance divine,
Her bosom heaved with higher, sweeter love.
And he passed on; she rose and hastened home.

Joy springs from sorrow ; heaven is over hell ;
Our sorrows are unwelcome blessings oft.
We hasten not to port when winds are fair ;
He through the stress would guide the shattered bark
Into the haven of eternal peace."

The doubting Thomas sayeth, "Why is faith
Required? For without faith he healeth not."
John, the beloved disciple, made reply,
"Saving belief seemeth a mystery,
And yet no more than other natural law.
The healer claims to hold the power of God,
To be the Father's representative:
Without belief in this we cannot ask;
But loving faith lays hold upon this claim,
And makes a definite and strong appeal.
Answer is sure, or God is not supreme,
Or loveth not, or he is not the Christ."

Bold Peter said, "When the tempestuous waves
Were breaking o'er the ship — you know the time —



*Again we spread the sail, and dipped the oar
In the still moonlit waters of the lake,*

The demons of the hills hurled the wild storm
Upon the maddened sea. Through the bared masts
Shrieked the wild terrors of that awful night.
The rudder loosed, the useless oars were dropped,
We hopelessly clung to the plunging ship.
The weary Christ lay in the hold asleep.
Fright and despair drove us at last to him,
Crying, 'Lord, save us or we perish.' He
Arose and calmly viewed the elements.
To us he said, 'O ye of little faith,
Why are ye fearful?' Then, to wind and cloud
And water, 'Peace, be still.' There was a calm!
Again we spread the sail, and dipped the oar
In the still moonlit waters of the lake."

Philip, with analytic mind, spake then,
"Jesus the Christ honored a little faith,
As doth the husbandman his tiny seed;
He plants and cultivates it carefully,
Expecting growth and harvest plenteous.

Out in that desert place the multitude
Hungered; how little did we realize
At first, how he could multiply the loaves
And fish, to feed a hundred companies
Of fifty men, and have twelve baskets full
Remain. He with almighty power *o'erleaps*
The sowing and the gathering, the toil
Of threshing, grinding, and the baking; so,
The watery birth, and growth, the net, the coals;
Creates direct the satisfying food.
How could the little tendrils of our faith
Take hold of this, so foreign to God's way?
But we began to pass them out, and faith,
As did the loaves and fishes, grew with use.

Judas, the financier, came forward then,
And said, "This is all fine to talk about,
But I, small thanks, who keep the treasure box,
Know we must something more substantial have.

Sometime when he into his kingdom comes,

Some other and not I, will chosen be
The Premier of the treasury; but know,
To keep you all from beggary, I plan
And save; yet Jesus will not take reward
Of any man. That nobleman, whose son
Was sick, was ripe for any charge was asked;
And came himself beseeching Christ to come
And heal his son, was lying at the point
Of death, and Jesus put him off with talk
Of faith. Thus far 'twas right to hold him back
For more reward, till he with frenzy plead,
'O, Sir, do come, before my child shall die.'
Now was the time for me to ask of him
A contribution to our worthy cause;
But Jesus spoiled my opportunity
By saying, 'Go thy way, thy son shall live.'
So he has bread to spare, we hungry go."

Simon Zelotes earnestly replied,
"O shameless one! The nobleman believed

And all this house." Judas, unheeding,
Went on, "Remember that centurion,
That gentile dog, kenneled in this our land
Given to Abraham and to his seed,
He for a dying servant cared so much?
How came his soldier heart so merciful?
Ashamed to come, the Elders of the Jews,
Subservient, he sent, beseeching him
To hasten there before the servant died.
Our Master never hurries, as you know.
They urged the Roman's worthiness, 'He loves
Our nation, built for us a synagogue.'
Christ should have seen that he had wealth to spare.
But he is so deliberate, we met
Another company of friends, who said,
Although their master had authority,
He felt not worthy that our Lord should come
Under his roof; but speak the word alone,
His servant would be healed, and so it was.

Our trouble had been all for naught, our chance
Was gone."

And then impetuous Peter said,
"Satan, wouldst thou exchange the gift of God
For gold? Charge an admission at the gates
Of heaven? Know this, although all wealth is **His**,
The standard of the realm is precious love.
Commercial Man, our lord hath need of thee;
Yet I beseech of thee, sell not thy soul
For greed of gain; for in the coin of heaven
The poorest may be rich; the richest, poor.
Did not the Master say, he had not found
Such faith as this, no not in Israel?
Gentile and Jew alike receive of him.
Better than gold he gives unto the poor.
He heals the poor blind beggar, by the wall
Standing all day with importuning hands,
Imploring pity by those sightless eyes.
Right in the midst of beauty, light, and joy,
His life is shut in darkness absolute.

Think of the joy that comes of sudden sight!
Would money now the treasure buy of him?"

Now John, with a poetic temperament,
"The blessedness will not compare with that
Light-burst of love, that shows the Father God
In nature, revelation, and in grace.
They have a blind, and creeping, wingless faith,
Who ask alone for things of time and sense,
And in the groveling and the earthly stay.
Those others have the clear-eyed, bright-winged, faith
That wafteth to the mysteries of God,
In which alone is perfect happiness.
Think you the poor, blind, deaf, demoniac —
O pitiful! could aught be added more?
Had not in reason greatest cause for thanks?
Even the claim of faith was by his friends.
After the cure I saw him lying limp.
Some said, 'Alas! 'tis better he is dead,
For what was life to him? But he arose,

Seeing, and hearing, rational, though dazed,
Restored he was to this short earthly life;
How little in comparison it was
To that immortal reason given him.

Ambitious conquerors lead through their streets
The fallen foe in chains, with trophies from
Their pillaged homes and shrines.

The Son of Man,

The heir to David's throne, the Prince of Peace,
The lion of the tribe of Judah comes,
Joy and salvation to his people brings,
And even love unto his enemies;
Gives blessings to the poor, sight to the blind,
And hearing to the deaf, strength to the lame,
And healing to the sick, life to the dead.
How glorious his everlasting reign!
O ye majestic mountains bow your heads,
O ancient hills fall down; and valleys rise;
Prepare a way for his triumphant feet,

The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords!"

Then avaricious Judas, "King, indeed!

They would proclaim him king, he would not so;

Rejects all offers, wealth, or power, or fame.

And loves the weak, the poor, and the despised.

Would Jesus king of beggars be, forsooth?

Then James the Less, "The proclamation hear,

'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to

The waters, he that hath no money come;

Yea, buy and eat; come ye, buy wine and milk.

Like as the snow and fruitful rain come down;

So shall the issue of My words go forth.

Ye shall go out with joy, be led with peace;

The mountains and the hills exult in song.

The trees shall clap their hands, instead of thorns

Shall come the fir, instead of briars shall come

The myrtle tree. The name of God be praised!

These blessed signs shall never be cut off.'

Mark you, the precious things of God are free;

He hath no need, we nought with which to pay.
Canst thou buy anything of God, the air,
The glorious sunshine, or the fruitful rain,
A tree, a flower, even a blade of grass?
All that you have and are belong to him.
O poor and foolish man, think you to buy
The gifts of God that in salvation lie;
The healing, and the love, the peace, the joy,
Yea, heaven itself? These freely offered us,
Are often not received.

Jesus proclaims,
‘Come unto me all ye that labor, and
Are heavy laden, I will give you rest;
And take my yoke upon you, learn of me;
For I am meek, and of a lowly heart,
And ye shall find rest unto your soul;
My yoke is easy and my burden light.’”

Then spake the greater James, brother of John,
“Ah, that recalls the miracle at Nain.

As we were drawing near the city gate,
A funeral cortege of the poor drew near,
One stricken woman following the bier,
On which the body of her son was borne.
Grateful are mingled tears of sympathy,
Her grief a desert, lonely, desolate.
Of late, but one young sturdy tree remained,
To spread his shading branches over her,
An only stay against the storms of life.
And as the vine with all its branches pruned
She clung the closer to that one support;
And he was dead. Jesus, beside the way
In silence bowed, awaited their approach,
Moved by the sorrow of the mother heart,
For he would draw the monster's venomed sting,
And wrest the victory from the ruthless grave.

He touched the bier, and they that bear it stood.
He to the bent and weeping mother said,
Even to her, he said, 'Weep not.' And she,

Though faintly, said — for I was standing near —
'Art thou the Christ?' He laid the face cloth from
The dead man's face — A vacant tenement!
The window blinds are closed, the doors are shut,
The empty rooms are silent, cold, and bare,
The occupant is gone, has moved away;
Though not so far but Christ can call him back.
He said, 'Young man, I say to thee, arise.'
He that was dead arose, sat on the bier.
Quickly to her, 'Mother, receive thy son.'
With arms about her child, trembling with joy,
They kneel in thankfulness before the Christ.

Another time we never shall forget;
Jairus, ruler of the synagogue,
Fell down upon his knees, beseeching him,
'O Jesus, come unto my house; my child,
My only child is dying; come, O come,
And she shall live.'

As Jesus went, some one

Amidst the throng his garment touched in faith,
And he must stop to bid her go in peace.
There came a message from the ruler's house,
'Your child is dead, the Master trouble not.'
And Jesus overhearing, said to him,
'Fear not, only believe.' When we had come
Into the house, all were bewailing her.
Christ bade them cease. 'She sleeps,' he said ; they laughed
In scorn ; too well they knew that she was dead.

The mother turned the sheeted covering :
We saw the lovely blossom of the home ;
Her hair was still upon the pillow spread ;
Except the pallor you would think she slept.
Is dreaded death indeed so beautiful ?

As when the gardener lifteth the flower
Out of the earth mould where it hath sprung up,
Thinking to plant it in a sunnier spot ;
And if the bed whence it was taken seem
So bare, would he return it to its place ?

Not since the world began has it been so ;

But Jesus took the white, cold hand,

'I say

To thee, Maiden, arise.' And she sat up,

And Jesus bade them give her food."

And now,

O Heavenly Muse, we cannot stop to tell

Of everything the apostles wrote and said.

The greatest, mightiest work Christ came to do

On earth, until his kingdom comes, will be

To save us from ourselves, to lift us from

Our lower natures, give the deity

In us complete control, "Kingdom of Heaven,"

He said. As he was, so, God-men to be,

We shall abide in him, and he in God,

And God abide in us. Thus only men

We are, true, perfect men, as was designed

To be the outcome of the single cell

Of life.

BOOK VII



ARGUMENT

Sometime during the six days in which Jesus was secluded in the cave of Zidkijah (consecration) a session of the Sanhedrin was called to consider what should be done with Jesus. The execution of their decision, although it seemed to be successful in crushing him, proved to be in line with his purpose.

The Jewish Sanhedrin, authority
Supreme, in solemn conclave had convened;
Around the great rotunda was reclined,
Whose lofty dome on seven pillars stood.
From a great brazen bowl, in apex high,
The oil descended to the golden lamps,
Sole light. No windows were there, and the door
Had now been closed and barred. The Epistyle
And frieze, the panels, and the columns shone
With vines and pomegranates of beaten gold.
Pictured mosaics in the floor were wrought,
Of many scenes most pleasing to the race;
Proud Pharaoh is by the sea o'erwhelmed,
The ark is through the parting Jordan borne,

The walls of Jericho in ruins fall.

On an exalted throne, of seven steps,
Sat Annas, president. Beside him rose
Two alabaster pillars, hung about
With golden ornaments of rich design.
His hands rested upon two lion's heads.
Upon his right hand sat the Abethdin,
The Hakam, with his roll, upon his left.

A golden bell called them to stand in prayer.
Some raised their hands, and uttered pious words,
Some bowed their heads in deep humility;
Often our worship is a form, or worse,
Hypocrisy; men often are deceived,
God never.

Then, a silver bell began
Their session. Annas stood before the throne,
"Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Elders of Israel,
The Abethdin will the indictment give."
Caiaphas, the vice president, then read,
"Most August Sanhedrin, our solemn charge,

By many witnesses confirmed, is this —

*Jesus, the Nazarene, of peasants born,
Declares himself to be the Son of God,
And yet, against the holy temple speaks,
And says he could rebuild it in three days.
He desecrates the holy Sabbath day.
Also derides the Lord's anointed ones.
Persuades the people to proclaim him king.
And with Beelzebub's deceptive arts,
He leads the people wheresoc'er he will.
His guilt is falsehood, treason, blasphemy."*

Annas then said, "Arise and take the oath."
The Hakam raised his hand, administered
This oath,

"As ye shall answer to the judge
Of all, the verdict in this case shall be
Accordant with the law and facts set forth.

Further, what ye shall hear within these walls
Shall never be made known to any man.

If we these pledges violate, then, we
Will never ask for mercy on our sin."

*Annas, with noble presence, stood the while,
Clad in the flowing vesture of the priest.
Beneath his mitre fell his whitened locks.
Across his forehead the inscription read,
"HOLINESS TO THE LORD." Upon his front
Sparkled the jeweled breastplate of the tribes.

He said, "The door is barred, your oath is taken
So all may speak with perfect liberty.
Our law forbids that any be condemned
Unheard; Jesus was cited to appear.
Needless to say, this self appointed king
Will not acknowledge your authority;
Only when brought by force will he be here.
Meanwhile our people as the stubble dry
Await the spark: the times are perilous,
And peace is strained — the boding lull before
The awful storm, the dreadful interval

*High priest through courtesy of Caiaphas.

Before the torch awakes the sleeping flames.
We fear the people, also for them fear,
Therefore enjoin the strictest secrecy.
Nearest the front, in the most honored seat,
Sits Rabbi Issachar, both wise and good.
His head is whitened for the reaper's hand.
The wisdom of experience gives us care;
Ignorance hath opinions; learning, facts.
Let him be first to speak."

Then, Issachar
Stood for awhile in the expectant hush,
And in his saintly features were expressed
The truly pious thoughts of many years.
He said,

"Eiders of Israel, I speak
Not to condemn, nor to acquit, but seek
To know the truth. As Jesus is not here,
Justice requireth candor in our words.
First, to the proof he gives to justify
His claim. He says, 'fulfills all prophecy.'

Searching the temple records, we have found
He truly comes of David's royal line,
Was born in Bethlehem, not Nazareth.
These minor points of prophecy must be
Fulfilled; fail in the least, you fail in all.
And yet the certain proof is in himself,
In word and deed and in accomplishment.
For many sons are born in Bethlehem,
And many too are in the royal line.
He says with emphasis, 'The works I do
They testify of me.' He means their power
And wise beneficence, are attributes
Of God, and are not of Beelzebub:
Therefore his father is Jehovah God.

Nature is wonderful, has secrets great,
If fully known would show the Infinite.
The true Messiah shall be worthy found
To wield this power that seems miraculous,
And only given to the worthiest.
If Jesus shows this power, I leave to you,

I argue not.

I open out my heart;
See, it is written over with the law,
Even the margins with the Mishna filled.
O take the pen of truth, engrave thereon
The one word, Love, and that shall cover all.
O God, ere I go hence grant me but this,
The expectation of the world shall come
To teach us perfect holiness in Thee.

O Brethren! Brethren! judge not hastily,
If this should be of man, it comes to naught,
But if it be of God, no power in earth
Or hell can hinder it; ye will be found
Fighting against your God."

His words have end,
And there is quiet, as when evening
Prolongs the closing of the ardent day.

Then, Rabbi Simeon slowly rose, and stood
Awhile in silent prayer. Narrow he was,



*Then, Rabbi Simcon slowly rose, and stood
Achile in silent prayer. Narrore he was
And angular, slim faced, with forehead peaked,*

And angular, slim faced, with forehead peaked.
His solemn piety for public gaze.
He prays upon the corners of the streets.
The tithes of which he boasts are tribute paid
For widow's robbery, are orphan's tears.
Hypocrisy, the foulest fiend of hell,
And haggardest, had stolen the robes of heaven.

"Elders," he said, "and Scribes, and Pharisees,"
His words intoned with solemn drawl and cant,
"The accusations brought against this man
Are very serious. The Mishnah says
Although the harvest should be overripe,
And rain be threatening, thou shalt not reap,
Gather, nor thresh, upon the Sabbath day.
One holy morn I went into the fields.
I saw the twelve disciples of this man
Gather the heads of wheat and rub them out,
Double infraction of the law was this.

He neither fasts nor prays. In Simon's house
He with unwashed hands did sit at meat.

A scarlet woman of the town stole in
And with her tears began to wash his feet,
And wipe them with her hair; and sobbing, kissed
And kissed them shamelessly, and with perfume
Anointed them. (This washing he prefers.)
And he confessed to Simon afterward,
That she a sinner was, and then blasphemed,
In saying that he had forgiven her sins.
These awful and condemning facts are true,
And many more. What need we further speak?"

Then Joseph, the directly opposite,
Arose; a model of the wealthy man,
Not arrogant, but kind and affable.
He gave, expecting not return, and more
Expressed his helpful sympathy in deeds.
Than words; his wealth a stewardship. He had
No artful cunning, yet prudent and wise,
His wealth increased. The silent man, aroused,
In his directness is most eloquent.
He said, "Moses excused necessity,

And Jesus says the Sabbath is for man,
Now the disciples plucked and ate the grains,
By hunger pressed; also, occasion gave
Their Master to explain the Sabbath true,
The day that is by our traditions robbed
Of God's intent.

Our brother's piety
Is shocked because the sinful penitent
With her uncleanness kissed those loving feet.
Nay, nay, pollution has a deeper source,
Even the heart; outward observances
And washings cannot change a wrong desire.
And shall we, by the justice of the law,
Strike Mercy down? Murder sweet Charity?
In this hard world is there no place for tears?
And in this house of God can one be found
Who dares to lift his hand to heaven and say,
'I have not sinned in thought or word or deed?'

Impotent man, rave through thine hour of life,
Important to thyself; but know, that God

Has purposes beyond thy reach to harm,
His throne on mercy as on justice rests.
Broken is he who falls upon that stone,
And crushed to powder he on whom it falls."

Then Rabbi Ephraim was called to speak.
A Scribe he was, and Doctor of the Law,
Was learning proud, stickler for precedent,
Strained at a gnat, swallowed a camel down.
He gesturing, said,

"Law is immutable,
Admits of no excuse, of mercy or
Necessity. Is Jesus wise, then why
Should he be caught in an emergency?
Nay, nay, his claim is false or plainly shows
A prearranged intent to violate
The law; slight choice there is in either case.

Again, is charity to be displayed
Alone at public feasts, her rosy cheeks
Bedaubed with painted harlotry, and streaked
With bawdry tears of public penitence?

Whilst he with bitter epithet condemns
The virtuous Scribes and Pharisees, he, so
Unlike a prophet, lives to be at feasts,
And dresses well; of water makes good wine —
An easy miracle, same jars were used.
Directly I interrogated him,
Why he and his disciples did not fast.
Listen to his reply — and he unweaved —
‘Why should the people with the bridegroom fast?’
Your own deductions make! This libertine
More than a prophet claims to be, even
The Son of God, and able to rebuild
Our glorious temple in three days. And yet
When we did plainly ask of him a sign,
Would he a certain witness to his truth,
Needless to say, he utterly refused.
If such he is, why trudge the dusty roads,
Poor and despised of men? The prophet says,
His name shall be called Wonderful, the Prince
Of Peace, the Counselor, the Mighty God.

Upon the throne of David he shall sit,
And of his government shall be no end.

Hear ye the gospel of this Nazarene,
'Blessed the poor, and ye that hungry are.'
'Blessed are ye if hated by all men.'
'Woe to the rich, and those with plenty filled.'
'Woe to the joyous and the popular.'
Between Isaiah and this Jesus choose."

Annas, the president, arose and said,
"The officers are here to make report."
And then to them, "Why brought ye not this man?"
Officers — "Never a man spake like this man."
The Pharisees — "Are ye also deceived?
Have any of the rulers that ye know,
Or any of the Pharisees believed?
But this people who knoweth not the law
Accursed are."

Nicodemus — "Doth our law
Judge any man, before he has been heard?"
Voices — "Art thou also of Galilee?"

Search ye and look, for out of Galilee
No prophet shall arise."

Annas — "Silence!

And hear ye what the Ruler has to say.

Nicodemus — "Justice is dispassionate.
Blindfold she holds aloft the balanced scales.
Let us be calm, and of a reasoning mind;
Thus may all danger be averted best.
Nothing convinces an unwilling mind.

As Rabbi Ephraim says, God is indeed
Unchangeable, as also are his laws,
And yet, the selfsame law may hurt or bless,
According to our attitude; such as
The strict commandment of the Sabbath day.
It may be made a time of holy calm,
Sacred communion with the Lord our God,
A blessed period of heaven on earth;
Or may be fettered by the galling cords
Of hard and overstrict observances;
For restful peace, may give perplexity.

Now listen while I calmly say to you,
He may be right, and all of us be wrong.
Corruption grows with time, like mold and rust.
As moss upon the temple stones would grow,
So our traditions may in time have grown
Upon the sacred text; and we must guard
The truth, as we protect the temple walls."

Voices — "Shame! Blasphemy! Would you destroy
The temple too?"

Nicodemus — "Now will
I boldly speak. By your traditions ye
Have made the law of God of none effect,
Killing the spirit ye do mar the form.
Think ye the priests profane the Sabbath day
Who laboring, offer sacrifices? Think ye
That David sinned, to eat the sacred bread?"
And if your beast be fallen in the pit,
Will ye not help it out upon this day?
Hear me ye shall, and kill me if ye must,
But I will cringe no more; be yours the shame.

One charge, and only one, we will admit,
That is, with sinners he associates.
Yes, like the sun doth shine on all alike,
Sleeps in the smiling dimples of the queen,
Kisses the unwashed beggar's grimy check;
So will the Christ give light and cheer to all.
And a Messiah who refused to help
The weak, and cheer the sad, and raise the low,
Would have small mission in this world of ours.

Ye charge, 'Derides the Lord's anointed,' Nay,
If there be hypocrites, of them he speaks
As whited sepulchres, not the sincere.
If wolves are hiding in the woolly fleece,
Of them he warns — no cry if none are hit.
If such among us are, let them repent;
For faithful are the wounds a friend inflicts,
Treach'rous, the kisses of an enemy."

Voices — "A Nazarene! A Nazarene!
The mask is off, he is a Nazarene!"

Annas — "Is our authority defied?
Outside, the Ruler will be prudent; here,
He has the utmost liberty to speak."

Nicodemus — 'Proclaims himself a king.'
And so he may, as king of Israel,
(All who prevail with God, the meaning is.)
So shall his throne be in Jerusalem,
(Founded in peace.) How self opinioned, blind,
To see, in this small, conquered province all
The world; our city, the metropolis
Of God. He has created of one flesh
All nations of the earth. And we indeed
Have been honored custodians of His truth.
He chose our obstinate, exclusive race
To be His treasure chest; and He will save
It, if He can; and He will surely break
It, if He must.

The gift of God is love;
The gift of love is self; so Jesus gives.
His heart and brain, his feet and hands, his time

And strength, to love's demands are sanctified;
And unto love he would subdue the world.
His kingdom is not bounded by or shores
Or lines; but in the human heart and life
He ruleth by this ever potent love.
And everywhere and openly he says
His kingdom is of heaven, not of this world.
And this high realm of righteousness and peace
Includes all kingdoms and all kings, therefore,
There is no place for jealousy and war,
Where love becomes the universal law.

 If he consent — ye could not otherwise —
That ye should take this life, this show of love
Would be complete, and give him greatest scope
To live in every life, in wisdom, love,
And power divine. I had an audience
With him at night, when he had time to talk.
He emphasized, 'Ye must be born again
Of water and of spirit into this,
The highest epoch of humanity;

The last great kingdom of the life; he said,
'Kingdom of heaven.'

Go place your puny hand
Upon the ocean, soothe its troubled waves;
Or grasp the lightning of the thunder, and
Rebuke the hurricane; go bid the sun
Sleep in his ocean bed, forgetful of
The waking dawn; expect thou not to stay
The kingdom's sure increase."

Voices — "Treason!
Treason! He would proclaim this Jesus, king!"

Caiaphas — "Noble Annas, bid them hear."

Annas — "Is this a rabble or a court?
Have we not said there should be liberty?"

Caiaphas — "Hear! Most Reverend Patriarchs!

The eagle soars and gazes on the sun.
Nor sees the serpent crawling to its nest;
So, often are the good and great and wise
Not practical. The learned Rabbi, whom
We love and honor, hath ideals high;

But in his artless nature sees not craft
In others. See the cunning in this man
Of Nazareth; he violates the law,
Then says, 'And am I not the lord of law?
Who shall require the king to give account?'
Bankrupts his slender treasury to feed
A thankless multitude; requireth faith
Before, not after healing; worse than all,
He leads the discontented multitude
With the false hope that he will be their king.
Caesar is king! Under the Roman yoke
Our people gall and chafe, only await
The opportunity to cast it off.
Then will the Romans come and take our place
And nation from us. Wait? Why should we wait,
Only to see the spark cast in the flax?
Nay, let us quickly stamp the danger out.
Wisdom is of her children justified.
I say it is expedient that one
Should die, rather than all the people perish.

I see the awful horrors of a siege,
Famine so dreadful that the mother eats
Her child ; and sweeping flames devour your homes.
I see the temple's blackened walls thrown down,
The sacred vestures from the priests torn off,
In the mad fury of our enemies.
Alas ! Alas ! I see your loving wives,
Your weeping daughters, and your noble sons,
Sold into wretched slavery, scattered,
And peeled, and torn, a by-word, and a hiss.
Your fathers, mothers, slain before your eyes.
Are we advised to calmly wait ? and why ?
Listen ! Only a high flown sentiment.
The time is now, before the Roman bird
Sweeps down upon us from his lofty perch."
Caiaphas, overcome, resumed his seat ;
For he had seen a vision true ; also,
Unknowingly, had uttered prophecy.

A storm was raised, as when Euroclydon

Sweeps over the ungovernable sea ;
For all around, the great rotunda rang
With tumult, wild and fierce, and clamorous.
The Hakam rang the silver bell, both loud,
And long — of no avail ; the golden bell
They dare not disregard. As when the waves,
After the storm, reluctantly subside
So did their passion drop to sullenness.

The vote was taken, alas ! alas ! alas !
Three balls alone were white ; their meaning, LIFE ;
And sixty-seven were black ; their meaning, DEATH.

Ended this battle waged in heaven ! 'Twas fought,
Not with seraphic sword and spear and shield,
Neither armed chariot and foaming steed,
Nor yet thick arrow's dreadful canopy,
Nor with high mountain upon mountain piled,
Piercing the heavens, nor with archangel shout,
Nor loud artillery belching horrid flames,
Nor giant angels hurling wooded hills,

Nor yet the Father Deity hurling
The blinding, crashing, rolling thunderbolt
Upon His enemies, driving their rout,
With hideous ruin and combustion down
Into the blackness of despair and death.

Nay, all of this but feebly represents
In figure, that unseen contention waged
Of evil and of good, for mastery,
Within the real heaven, the highest realm
Of spirit life in man. Seeming defeat,
Our God will turn to glorious victory.

BOOK VIII

ARGUMENT

Jesus, having left his disciples at Capernaum, enters in to the cave Zidkijah, (one who consecrates) and there remains for a sacred week, in preparation for his coronation and glorification.

The first Adam — man in his imperfect state — is vulnerable to temptation. The second Adam — man in his perfect state — is shown to be invulnerable.

Jesus the life, only begotten son,
The Deus laid aside, became a man,
A man as men are, only strong and pure,
Like body, soul, and spirit, like desires,
With pure emotions, thoughts, and purposes.
And as a man was to the utmost proved;
So, touches us in perfect sympathy,
The grasp of love by which to lift us up,
Into the highest realm of earthly life.

While yet this world was but in God's intent,
He purposed this, and vivified the cell,
The germ and potency of every life.
Although uncounted ages shall have wrought,
And earthly forms have birth, and growth, and death —
Utmost duration is alike to God,

He keeps no time, eternity is His —
At last the Christ begins immortal life,
Developed into perfect worthiness.
For this he enters to Zidkijah's cave,
Before the entrance parts the curtained vines,
And steps into the lonesome silence dim,
Is in the Mountain's sheltering bosom held.

His earthly life has passed through every stage,
Ties of affection have their strongest hold,
And human interest is at its height ;
His consecration now can be complete ;
With understanding he can choose the way.
A week for such a work seems all too brief ;
And yet he is so very, very tired
On the hard floor he first reclines in sleep.
Weary, so weary, not of toil alone,
But more of blindness and of bigotry,
Ingratitude and sordid selfishness,
Even of those who knew and loved him most.



*Let the trembling hand of Love herself
That holds the bitter chalice to his lips?*

Spirit, reveal the awful mystery
Of what was felt and willed and thought and done
Within Zidkijah's secret cave; even
The perfect consecration of the Christ
Unto a cruel and a shameful death.

Jesus awakened from his sleep, refreshed,
Sat on a stone, his face bowed in his hands;
One half-breathed word sobs from his anguished heart —
"Mother" — of human speech the tenderest;
As when the stricken, mournful harp gives forth
One louder note of wail, or sighing wind
Breaks with a cry upon the haunted night.
Is it the trembling hand of Love herself
That holds the bitter chalice to his lips?
No enemy could give anguish like this,
No other love exquisite pain like this.
Hear his half uttered words, saddest of time,
"I love thee! O, I love thee! Mother dear!
Thy fainting feet press to the hill of death;

Between the mocking earth and frowning heaven
Thine angel-promised son is hung. I see
Thine arms, on which the crimson drops have fallen,
Embrace the awful cross. 'Twas said, a sword
Should "pierce thy soul" — forgotten in the joy
Of honor promised him. And I must hold
That sword; aye willingly must make the choice,
Nay joyfully. I have a right to love
As other men. Father in heaven, is not
My life enough, and she be spared the grief?
Could she not come to Joseph and to Thee?
Would not the cup be full without her tears?
Was not her heart more tender to our pain
Than to her own? No sacrifice too great?
Her tender touch an angel ministry?

And why should heaven require the offering?
O thou, whose tender heart with pity bleeds,
Is there no pity found for thee?

And then,
As if to smother out and crush his thought,

The fondest memories of his early home
Crowded upon his soul, the dearest spot
Outside of heaven — though often said, inside
Is nearer truth — Love's sacred treasury.
He sees the picture soft and beautiful
Behind the mellow, purple, haze of time ;
The once familiar rooms, and bush, and tree,
The garden path, the outlook on the hills,
And the dear presence of his loving friends.
Again as on a Sabbath afternoon,
Upon the floor, beside his mother's knee,
He looks into her sainted face, and hears
Her read the sacred scriptures from the roll ;
And hears her speak with rapturous joy, of what
The angel said to her ; the joy of it
Has borne her up through all the waiting years.
The force of love divine is lost because
We have denied to Jesus all the strength
Of human love : to know the sacrifice,
Think of your own loved home and family.

The cave-imprisoned light began to fade ;
Jesus must rest, and yet the day not pass
Without the sure and certain victory.
This admonition pressed into his mind,
Distinctly as if uttered audibly,
"Love's perfect offering must be entire."
He said, "I gladly make the sacrifice."

Another dawn crept on the double gloom.
Temptation in the angel guise of Love
Again presents itself, as Jesus was
Reclining on the cavern's barren floor.

In dearest memory he sees the home
At Bethany; that Mary was as pure
As she of Nazareth. Here loving smiles
Of welcome ever greeted his return.
Now, as he turned his face unto the wall,
His finger touched the coat without a seam;
Mary had woven it. The snowy threads
Were like the purest fibers of her heart.

A queen, in queenliness, artlessly sweet,
And she had chosen the better part, to be
A golden vessel at the fount of love.

Is love unworthy in the worthiest?
Sacred attraction of affinity,
Is universal, transcendental too.
And love is to be loved, is in degrees;
Jesus loved Mary, Martha, Lazarus.
And their secluded home was his retreat;
When at Jerusalem, the slanting sun
Would always see him wend his way across
The face of Olivet. He hears again
The pleasant voices of his friends; and they
Must suffer by his ignominious death.
No earthly pang can equal that we feel
For those we love. Jesus was not above
Temptation; conquest of the world might be
In the destruction of his enemies,
Not by the way of sorrow and of shame,
The painful, slow beginning of the course

Of evolution in the highest life —
Great sacrifice of love made doubly hard
By love herself. Again that sentence pressed,
“Love’s perfect offering must be entire.”
“Father, Thy will not mine be done,” he said;
And he had rest.

With halting steps the day
Returns. Leaning against the rocky wall,
With bowing head, Jesus is thinking now
Of those whom he had chosen from the world.
No rest for him in dream or waking thought.
His earthly friendships all were clamoring.
His twelve disciples who had left their all
And followed him, believed the saying, “If
Ye suffer, ye shall also reign with me.”
Dominion they expected and desired.
Most often faith is holden by desire.

The expectation and the prophecy
Arose from every nation under heaven
That he would be a Prince and reign on earth.

And could he hurtle them from such a height?
From such a glory cast their dazzled eyes
Into the utter darkness of despair?

Jesus is at the parting of the ways;
On one is honor and authority
And home, and love, and righteous government.
Jerusalem the golden shall be crowned,
And greatly Israel rejoice in him.

This way, at first, is level, smooth, and wide,
Winding through flowery fields, embowering trees.
No other man, if blessed with ample power,
Ere would have chosen this to be the best,
The speediest and most direct highway
To the accomplishment of his designs.
Jesus in wisdom sees it has no end.

That other way is narrow, rough, and steep,
And crosses dreary mountains, misty vales.
On it are aching wounds of piercing thorns,
Injustice, shame, contempt, and loss of friends;
Beside it looms the cross; the sepulchre

Is in its gloom. But, O, the joy to which
It leads! A world redeemed to the divine!
He said, "Father, Thy will not mine be done."

A slender beam of morn escapes the vines
And shows the wearing lines upon his face,
Awaking him, as loving mother's kiss.
Thereafter, Jesus stood with folded arms,
And in the secret wisdom of the just
Looked through the pages of his earthly life.
As he, begotten of the Father God,
The Life, had through the untold ages wrought,
Beginning at the first corporeal cell,
The various forms of living things and man;
So he himself was humbled to begin
His human life at the primordial germ;
And in the virgin womb these forms assumed,
Until the breath of lives, a human soul
Was given, and he was born a helpless babe.

Again divinest evolution works

And at the barest instinct doth begin,
Grows through the early years of infancy,
Even to childhood's happy innocence.
Jesus the bible allegory reads,
"Eastward in Eden was a garden set,"
The happy orient of earthly life.
And here, without a sin or care we spend
The happy years; and without labor eat
Abundant fruit; and for the plucking, grow
The brightest flowers. Four rivers water it,
Gihon, the stream of bounding joy, bursts forth;
Pison, exuberant, filleth the banks;
Hiddekel runs as swiftly as the hours;
Euphrates floweth ever clear and bright,
Sweet paradise of no imputed wrong!
But in the midst the tree of knowledge grows,
Bearing two kinds of fruit; and one is sweet
And good for food; the other, fair to see,
Is bitter ashes in the eater's mouth.

Adam the ruddy, Eve the mother type —
Naked because they lost the hairy coat —
Began to eat of the forbidden fruit;
They knew and did, they knew and yet did not;
And thus were driven forth into a world
Of difficulties, thistles, thorns, and briers,
Of sweaty toil, sorrow, and pain, and death.
The angel conscience stands with flaming sword
On the retreating hills of their return,
For they have entered moral law; and here
Begins the laboring ascent of man.

Jesus by actual experience
Knows only good, of that alone partakes,
And wise and strong, he is our champion,
And from the safer Paradise expels
The reptile tempter.

Shame-faced Morn again
Appears; and with a deep and yearning love
He knows the imperfections incident
To man's development, the slow advance

Out of his low beginning in the beast,
Whose hard and rough environment requires
A savage cruelty, anger in man
It hath become, the mother hag of crime
And horrid murder, till ensanguined earth.
Wet with a brother's blood, cries out to God.

And following, he sees that lawful war
Is no less wicked than the midnight stab.
Earth has no hell equals the battle field,
Strewn with the maimed, the dying and the dead.
And murder by the law is no less crime,
The bloody cloak of persecution oft,
Inventive in its cruelty. Along
This sanguinary path he follows up
To zeal, which in his realm will be transformed
To ardent love, the outcome of this force.

Again he sees the lowest form of love;
In living nature 'tis the strongest law,
By it a cell is to a cell attached,

And every life is nurtured and produced.
For love, the flower its tinted beauty spreads,
With fragrant pollen woos the kindred bloom;
For it the beasts ferociously contend,
And man in endless turmoil stirs the world.
The prize of beauty brings upon the race
"Woes numberless and into hades sweeps
The many souls of men, and leaves their limbs
A prey to dogs and vultures."

Jesus sees
That up from this must grow the family
And home, even the higher range of love
Divine.

Low down in beastly greediness
He seeks the roots of avariciousness;
Up from these poisonous roots groweth desire,
On which the sweetest blossom, hope, is set.
It strews the path of life with cheer, and grows
The fairest on the very brink of death.

And from the bitter root of fear doth spring
The brightest flower, and the divinest fruit
In earth and heaven, love perfected.

He sees
The real war in heaven, contention waged
Of good against the evil from beneath.

Up from that wild untrodden wilderness,
The beastly nature, hordes of evil come.
For centuries the battle has been joined.

Fabled, the gods would leave their blissful seats,
In doubtful battle to contest the field
With heroes; heavenly armor scarce protects
The form divine, and god with god contends:
But here, Omnipotence makes victory sure:
Not anything can thwart His will, and make
Devil of angel, driven down to hell
To form a hideous realm opposed to heaven.

Evil is ever conquered to the good.
Perfect the law, also unchangeable,
Perfection altered must be for the worse;

And therefore justice is its certitude ;
Mercy is teaching of obedience,
Not "vengeance satisfied," nor "wrath of God
Appeased," neither "His loving favor bought."
Law is impartial, sequence always good,
If disobeyed the benefit is lost —
Eternal loss, there may be other good,
But never this. God threatens not, but warns,
Is ever kind, the loss is of themselves.
Justice and mercy, law and truth are one
With him ; vengeance and wrath only express
The dire extreme of consequence ; though God
Must bear the great responsibility,
And needs must make the right prevail at last,
Man, a free moral agent, must bear his.

Jesus looks back across the dim and long
Forgotten ages, sees the race but young,
And filled with wondering credulity,
Creation's forms and forces worshipping,

In groping, wondering idolatry,
And he, the perfect, God-begotten life,
The highest nature of the race assumed
To manifest the Father's attributes;
That man, beholding, might become like him, —
In admiration be transformed. And more,
His blessed spirit he would give to all;
As in the well known process of the graft,
The scion to the native root is joined;
So, bound by faith his nature shall be theirs.
Or as in likeness to its father grows
The child, so they shall grow to be like Christ.

And as the blessed Savior sees all this,
Angel could not the yearning sympathy
Express, crushing responsibility!
For he alone must lift the sordid world.
Could Atlantean shoulders bear such weight?
The crimson blood pressed through his straining heart,
And oozed from every bleeding pore. His soul

Cries in an agony, "O, Father God,
If I should fail!" though hardly doubt expressed.
Jesus had resting in this other thought,
The past and future the Almighty holds;
Only the narrow present can be mine.

At last the final day of days appears,
The genesis of human character.
Of its importance Nature gives no sign,
Earth unastonished speeds her trackless round,
Or turning brings the accustomed night and day.
Nor omen in the earth or sky betrays
The hour is born of all historic time.
One hard and bitter throe of pain is felt,
"I am the life, I came unto my own,
My own receive me not, refuse to hear.
The light, the joy, the love, they have refused,
And heavenly love the world will not receive.
And it is not my bitter enemies
That wound me most, but mine indifferent friends.

And O, to see men suffer and my aid
Reject. But ye would not! But ye would not!
And generations still shall come and go,
And men will struggle on with selfish aims,
While heaven spreads all above them, unobserved.
And must these sorrows longer follow them?
O God, to banish faith and hope would make
Their lives unlivable, and certain death
Most pitiful. If these their fragile barks,
Laden with all their precious things, go down
In the mid ocean of eternity,
And if the waters of oblivion
Shall close, and leave no trace, how could the heart
Endure bereavement? Life with fleeting joys
Might be endured, how could eternal death?"

And Jesus stood with outstretched hands and said,
"Father, Thy righteous will, not mine be done."
I willingly have made thine offering:
Yet, if I should but raise my finger, all
Those Legions Twelve, out of the utmost heavens,

Would hurl this earth again to chaos dark.
Though not compelled, I willingly do yield,
And suffer Thy malignant foes to wreak
Their dreadful cruelties; for other's guilt
Will suffer, innocent; will placidly
Allow the triumph of mine enemies;
And bear the disappointment of my friends;
Will with unworded silence be condemned
To death; see justice murdered in her seat;
Will wear the crown of thorns; be scourged and mocked;
And worn and faint carry the heavy cross.
I feel the nails crush through the quivering flesh,
And feel the jar tear on the gaping wounds,
And O! the agony of hanging on
Those fevered wounds, six hours of awful pain,
For death when most desired alone delays.
Their mocking challenge I will then endure,
And even then will pray, "Father forgive,
They know not what they do." And with a cry

My heart shall break, and life is born of death.

God could not make a terrible mistake.

The final outcome of all life shall be

Commensurate; if measured by the cost

Eternity alone can measure it;

At last, my universal reign shall be

In perfect light, and love, and peace, and power,

And every knee shall bow, and tongue confess."

Now God the Father, glorified in him,

Receives the consecration of the Christ,

THE GENESIS OF PERFECT LIFE IS PASSED.

BOOK IX



ARGUMENT

Jesus from his consecration in Zidkijah's cave returns to Capernaum. He instructs his disciples in the knowledge of the kingdom, both before and on their journey to the mountain of transfiguration. Arriving there in the evening, he takes Peter, James and John and ascends.

Jesus emerges from the cloistered cave
Into the free and open air of heaven,
The mellow stillness of a Sabbath morn.
Exalted mountains catch the ascending light.
Green hills, and fertile vales, and checkered plains,
Like his own spirit were in calm repose,
After the week of wearing toil and strife.
The plow and yoke beside the furrow rest;
Beneath the palms the caravan reclines;
In all the land a hallowed quiet reigns,

Accordant with his spirit's inward peace,
In union with his father's righteous will;
And here alone is satisfied repose.

Straightway he journeyed toward Capernaum;
And coming there he sought, and found the twelve
Were seated in a grove beside the sea,
And sitting down he taught them quietly.

Although the great and pivotal event
Of earthly history awaited him,
He with the utmost calmness spake to them.
Hurry implies a former negligence,
Or fears to trust a future providence.

He said to them, "Men say, lo here, lo there;
'I say to you, the kingdom cometh not
With observation. Not time or place is heaven
Or hell; but ye the one or other are.
The Kingdom of Heaven is love; and word and deed
Are for another's good or happiness,
And not denied to those that do you wrong.
Wisdom divine is also given, or love

Might be a harm; and it is blessed peace,
The constant, sweet serenity of joy.
I am this Kingdom, and I come to you
To manifest this perfect, heavenly love.

 In every soul of man good seed is sown,
And growth is everywhere the law of life.
The faintest aspirations may arise
To heaven; just as the tiny mustard seed
Grows to a plant in which the birds may lodge;
So may you in this blessed state improve.

 And as a whole, this Kingdom shall increase
Until the world redeemed to love divine
Is heaven.

 The leaven hidden in the meal
The better will express the inward change,
Even the very nature of your being;
I said, three measures of the meal, to show
That body, soul and spirit are made light
And sweet throughout."

The loving John here asked,
"How may we know?" Jesus replied, "Ye know
Ye are alive by consciousness, and by
Activities; likewise, we know we love
By the impressive consciousness, and by
The loving words we speak, and deeds we do.

Two other parables I gave to show
The value of the kingdom of heaven to you;
The merchant is commended for his wise
Resolve to sell all that he had and buy
The precious pearl. Again, the woman felt
Such interest seeking the coin was lost;
How sad from the eternal life to lose
A single joy. Uncover every mine,
Gather the precious jewels everywhere,
Gain all the treasures of the sea and land,
Call every house or foot of land thine own;
One moment of this heaven is worth them all.
There is no outcome worthy of a life
But heaven. The harvest of unrighteousness

Is mildew, blast, and blight. The truths of God
Are like good seed, the souls of men the soil
In which the seeds are sown ; and all may have
The sunshine of His love, and dews of grace
Alike, the soils alone are different.

Some like the trodden wayside will receive
And on the surface hold, a prey to all
Light winged emotions.

Some are stony ground,
Of shallow natures, there the gospel truth
Is happily received, and quickly starts,
Yet under tribulation's scorching heat
It withers soon.

Evil as well as good
Doth grow the rankest in the richest soils,
That often waste their capabilities
In growing thorns and briars and useless weeds,
That choke and smother out the useful plants ;
So cares and worldly interests destroy
The growth of truth, no heavenly fruit will be.

Some seeds will fall on soil prepared and good,
Deepened by the heredity of time,
The dry, hard paths of habit broken up,
And by the plowshare of the spirit turned;
And here the harvest will be bounteous,
Although the husbandman has enemies
That sow the tares of evil even here,
And these he will allow to grow until
The final garnering.

In silent worship,
Communion of desire and love they sat ;
And Jesus prayed within his inmost soul,
"Infinite Love, whose tenderest regard
Is for this world, the tiniest speck in all
Thy boundless universe ; who slightest not
The smallest part of smallest thing thereon ;
And even sent thy son as man, that he
Might fully know man by experience ;
So that the sympathy might be complete,
Also that man might know Thy spirit self.

The sacrifice is not alone for time,
Or for this world, eternity shall know
Thy love is infinite, unmerited;
Is also given unto the unworthiest.
In all Thy perfect will I am conformed.
And though to manifest that love, I go
Forward to sorrow and a cruel death,
Thy will be done, I willingly obey."

Arising, Jesus bade them follow him.
With even step and calmly dignified,
He went before them on the camel road
That winds across the quiet Sabbath hills,
Skirting the shores of deep blue Galilee.
The sun was overhead before they passed
Bethsaida, and then Magdala by,
For on the holy day their gates were closed;
Jesus and his disciples journeyed on —
For he was ruler of the Sabbath day —
Until they came unto a pleasant grove,
In which there was a well Isaac had digged;

And here they rested for their noonday meal.
Peter descending brought up thence a jar
Filled with refreshing water, dripping, cool.
They spread their frugal meal of bread and fish,
And Jesus blessed, and brake, and gave to them;
About the gospel Kingdom the discourse
Renewed, saying, "I am the life, the pure,
Essential life descended out of heaven,
From God. He that receiveth quickening
Of me shall be refreshed, his thirst allayed
As by this water fresh and cool; and I
Will be in him a fountain springing up
Unto eternal life.

I am the bread
Of heaven, the nourishment of spirit life.
By loving faith ye shall partake of me.
If ye shall greatly hunger and shall thirst
For righteousness, ye shall be filled, refreshed
And satisfied; your consciousness shall be
A welling vein of everlasting joy,
A satisfied content and sustenance.

The kingdoms of the earth are one, as one
Together rise in their development
By slow and irresistible advance.
All are the modified originals
Growing in adaptation for the last
And highest realm, where all their meaning find.
The animal or sentient stands above
The vegetable; here the vertebrae
Is but the stiffer stalk or stem improved;
The limbs are only branches moved at will,
The lungs perform the office of the leaves,
The alimentary organs, of the roots,
The procreative, purpose of the bloom.

The doors of all divisions open up.
The gospel kingdom is the rational,
The true and natural development
Of all below; not supernatural,
Though from below incomprehensible.
Above, is comprehension; and beneath,
Is faith. I from this higher sphere have come

The great example, or the archetype,
Kindred embodiment, that man may see
The height to which this kingdom may extend."

And when the ever-blessed Prince of Life,
Had spoken truly of the mind's and soul's
Development; instinct he would have shown
As godlike reason's crude original;
And dim volition, that inspired the first
Faint motion, as the basis of the will,
To God's eternal purposes conformed,
Able the worst temptation to resist.
And soft impression, that the touch repeats,
Would show to be the germ of memory.
Shy confidence, that trusts another near,
At last will grow into that saving faith
That trusts the eternal future to his care;
And winged hope first stirs the feeble will.
The first attraction that the cells unite
Will grow to love, that fills the highest heaven.
All in this kingdom the fruition reach

Of every early and imperfect state
Is incident to its development.

“How difficult it is to speak to you
Of heavenly things, who hardly understand
Material images and parables.
Ye truly think yourselves above the low
Idolater, whose undeveloped mind
Requires the tangible; ye, too, must have
The temple with its symbols and its rites,
And ye must worship, pray in metaphor.
Ye think of God and heaven as earthly forms;
And yet the time is coming, and shall be,
When purest spirit shall be tangible,
And love and truth shall be most literal.”

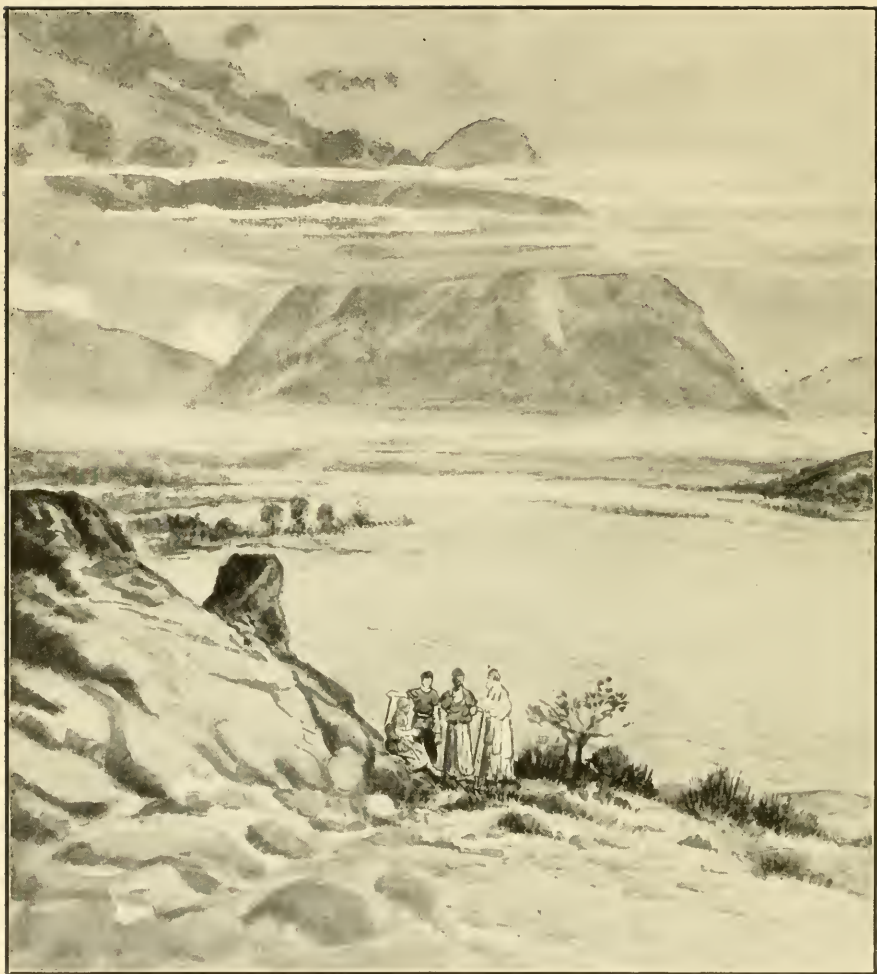
Philip, who had much learning, said to him,
“Master, how can we fully comprehend,
When language fails? You teach our lips to say
‘OUR FATHER,’ and you also speak of ‘HIM.’
The highest word ‘ELOHIM’ is the thought

Of our extended selves ; and 'HEAVEN' means
A better earth above the sun and stars ;
'ANGELS' are winged embodiments of men."

Jesus replied, "I censure not, the state
Of man's development will not permit.
Even idolatry is natural,
As the expression of the lowest mind.
The lower forms of the material life
Remain long after higher forms appear :
So shall the grosser thoughts of life endure,
Until the engrossing flesh is laid aside.
Know ye, that God is spirit infinite,
And by the spirit we must worship Him,
Such worship only most acceptable."
And then the Master plainly said to them,
"This kingdom, as the treasure in the field
For which a man sold all he had and bought,
Is priceless ; or is like the goodly pearl,
Worth more than all the merchantman possessed.
In it the value of the world is found ;

For it the Father gave this earth a place,
And swung it in the wide celestial fields ;
And every moment of its history
Finds an accented meaning in this realm ;
From it all other values are derived.
So shall the son of man, with all his saints,
Come in the clouds of heaven, and shall receive
The earth, his bride, so beauteously adorned
That heaven shall ring with shout and glad acclaim.
For you shall reign in me, and I in you,
Not in a mystic sense, but actual,
And with a real, true authority.
For knowledge and invention shall proceed,
Under the teaching of benevolence,
Until the laws of nature understood,
Even the human spirit known so well,
Ye shall be able to control yourselves,
And also govern your environment.
So shall ye reign as kings and priests of God."

After long silence Jesus prayed aloud,



On the extreme rose Tabor's sacred mount.

"Father, for them I sanctify myself,
That they be also sanctified with truth.
Neither pray I for these alone, I pray
For all who through their word believe in me,
That they may all be one indeed, as Thou
O Father, art in me, and I in Thee,
And that they also may be one in us;
To the intent that all the world believe
That Thou hast sent me, and the glory given
To them shall make them one, as we are one.
And I will be in them, and Thou in me;
So that they all are perfected in us;
For Thou hast loved them, even as me.
Father, I will that them Thou givest me
Be with me where I am; that they behold
The glory Thou hast given me. Thy love
I had ere the foundation of the world.
O Righteous Father, glorify Thy son,
That he may also glorify Thy name;
As Thou hast given him power over all flesh,

That he should give eternal life to those
Whom Thou hast given him; and this is life
Eternal, that they know Thee as the true
And living God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou
Hast sent. I glorify Thee on the earth;
And now, O Father, glorify Thou me
With Thine own self, the glory that I had
Before the world was made. Hallowed Thy name!
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth,
As in the heavens. Amen."

And they awhile
In thoughtful and respectful silence sat.
Then Jesus, rising, said, "The time draws near.
Let us go hence." Coming into the way,
He went as he would go to Nazareth.
They followed him, though greatly questioning,
What could it mean? And on the Sabbath day?
Why go to Nazareth? Had he not preached,
And in their synagogue had made the claim
That ancient prophecy was now fulfilled?

Had not familiar friends rejected him,
And tried to cast him from the precipice?
Did they not know himself and family?
Acquaintance made his glory blasphemy,
Would he go thither to destroy the town?

Jesus turned south. Is it Jerusalem?
Their hearts leaped at the thought! Will he be king?
In David's city crowned? Something they knew
Important was ahead of them.

At last,
Fertile Esdraelon's plain before them spread,
On the extreme rose Tabor's sacred mount,
High and apart; its purple outline pierced
The distant azure. What the Master saw,
The vision uninspired may not behold.
Above this mountain, honored most of earth,
Spirits are coming from all time and space,
From far celestial fields have sped their flight,
And mighty Cherubim and Seraphim,
Those Legions Twelve of mighty guardian hosts.

Also the sevenfold spirits of the race,
And all that to Love's coronation come.

But the disciples saw only the mount.
They wondering waited the developments.
Nor would they be surprised if he should bid
The setting sun to stay his downward course,
Or check the rising moon; expectancy
Was at its height. The look upon his face
Was seen that day on leaving Jordan's ford,
Baptized with water, now to be with fire.
The Christ descended to the twilight plain.
At last great Tabor's shadow they have reached.
Upon the twelve there came a strange, wierd fear,
They felt the unseen spirit's influence.

Jesus chose only Peter, James, and John,
To further go, but would assure the nine;
Awhile, remained to give the parting word.
He never lacked for time, had aught to spare.

"Abide ye here, we to the mountain top

Ascend, and will return to you at morn.

The mission of our going hath concern
Hereafter; the world cannot receive it now,
In many centuries it may. Some one
Unheralded and humble may arise
On whom the spirit shall be poured, to give
True meaning to these hidden mysteries.

These three can witness to the simple facts."
Turning to Peter, James, and John, he said,
"Follow thou me."

Already night had cast
Her darkening shadows on the mountain path
Up which the Master and the three ascend.
Silent and wondering they follow him,
Watching at every turn his mystic form.

The Master, by the spirit led, ascends
The tortuous way; and neither hastens he,
Nor hesitates, unmoved, with mind serene,
He goeth to receive the crown of crowns,
God-given to men.

BOOK X



ARGUMENT

Jesus and the disciples, Peter, James, and John, having ascended the mountain, the eyes of the three were opened to see the glorious assemblage awaiting him; they hear the universal encomium of the perfect man. After the placing of the Legion Guard, Moses and Elijah talk with him about his decease at Jerusalem; then they all advance along the way that the reverential spirits have opened for them to a central court formed of glorified spirits, where Jesus, as the perfect embodiment of the perfected life, is acknowledged and crowned of heaven.

Spirit, the open vision give, to see
The awful glories and the mysteries
Are in the crowning of the Son of Man.
Jesus, the Christ, stood on the mountain top;
The three were humbly kneeling at his feet;
They only saw the deep blue heaven of stars;
They felt a trembling awe, but knew not why.

Jesus above them leaned, he touched their eyes.
Glory supreme! Glory ineffable!
The mountain and the heavens are all ablaze
With forms of living light!



Behold! Behold the Man!

"The Christ! The Christ!"

And all the Sons of God assembled there
Shouted for joy, "Behold! Behold the man!"
Earth in her singing orbit also joined
In unison, and all the shining stars
Together sang in blissful harmony,
And the Cherubic voice amidst the throne
Uttered the glory of the perfect man.

"Behold the Life, completed and complete!
He is the altogether lovely one;
Bright as the sun, fair as the full-faced moon,
Perfect in feature and in form he stands.
In his pure lips the breath of early morn,
From his anointed locks fragrance exhales —
Beauty's extreme. So full of grace and truth,
Well pleasing unto God, angels admire.
And saints adore. Complete in body, soul,
And spirit, honored son of God Most High,
Alpha, Omega, of the world's design.

He is the glory of creation's week.

That life in the beginning was with God,
Was God; for him, by him, the world was made.
For life is power, life is intelligence;
He is the outcome of that energy,
Perfect in him, in others manifest.
Now this conception is expressed of God
In human flesh, to dwell with men.

Know ye

That wisdom is unknown to ignorance,
Neither can death know any thing of life,
Spirit of spirit only is discerned,
Like unto like can only be declared;
So God, in man, must be made manifest;
Men also shall become the Sons of God,
Beholding the invisible; seeing,
By spirit light, supernal radiance.

The ardor of that blaze unbearable,
Filling the heavens above the mountain top,

Reveals him in his native element,
Reason is highest intuition here,
And prescience like to God's, who reasons not,
But knows entire; therefore he cannot have
False premises, neither conclusions warped
By wrong desires, but knows as he is known."

And all the Sons of God assembled there
Shouted for joy, "Behold! Behold the Man!"
Earth also in her singing orbit joined
In unison, and all the shining stars
Together sang in blissful harmony,
And the Cherubic voice amidst the throne
Uttered the glory of the perfect Man,
"Behold the Man! Strong, stalwart son of God!
He conquers all disease, all sorrows flee,
He overcometh every evil thing,
Or fault or wrong that in man's nature works,
And even Death and Hell he binds in chains.
This perfect man is with all knowledge filled —

Forbidden once; the secrets of the Lord
Are his; for he shall rule in righteousness,
Entrusted with the awful power of God,
Whose laws are written in his mind and heart.
Not princely, but he is a prince indeed;
He with the Sovran ruler is conjoined
Ruling in atoms and immensity."

And all the Sons of God assembled there,
Shouted aloud for joy, "Behold the Man!"
Earth in her singing orbit also joined
In unison, and all the shining stars
Together sang in blissful harmony,
And the Cherubic voice amidst the throne
Uttered the glory of the perfect Man,

"Behold the Man! He paradise restores,
Even sweet childhood's Eden innocence;
Rivers delightful running fresh and full
Water the pleasant garden of the soul,
And falls thereon refreshing dew of grace,

Warmed by the sunshine of the Father's love.
On every tree groweth delightful fruit,
The tree of knowledge most inviting bears,
The tender dove nesteth among the branches;
The peaceful lamb grazeth among the lilies;
The lion also feedeth on the grass;
The serpent and the child together play;
Nothing shall harm in all that holy place,
There is no guile in all that loving nature.
Behold the Man! The infinite design,
The perfect pattern of a finished race.
Before the rock foundations of the earth
Were laid, he was the offered innocence,
He was the motive in creation's work."

And the admiring throng assembled there
Ascribeth glory, majesty, and might.

Now did the reverent multitude divide
And leave before his feet a dazzling way
Across the mount, and into starry space,

Like as the sun, looking between the clouds,
Maketh to earth a slanting path of light.
And in that throng were highest Cherubim,
And Seraphim, and principalities,
And powers, archangel ministers of God,
Immortal legions from the provinces
Of heaven, and many spirits of the earth.

Out of these blazing walls as sparks from flames
Came forth the leaders of the Legions Twelve,
Advancing two and two, attention stand.
With dreadful fear the solid mountain shakes.

Elrischa means the blessedness of God,
Almaac represents the beautiful,
And brilliant Sirius is His watchfulness,
Unuk declares unending amplitude,
The glorious Rigel His magnificence,
The swift Altair the execution shows,
Sweet Vegael harmonious purposes,
Great Zubbenel the justice of His laws,
The giant Menkar is immensity,

And happy Arided, the joy of God,
Michael and Mishaël, the eternity,
All these are at the perfect Man's command.

And then were other two, spirits earth-born,
Came straightway down that avenue of light,
As honored most of all the race of men.
Permitted they to talk with him even
As unto God. One represented law ;
One, prophecy. And Moses calmly walked,
Elijah with the ardent zeal of fire.
They stand! Amazed to see a perfect Man!
They kneel, though little men esteem him not ;
Virtue unto itself is only known.
The Son of Man, whose prescience was divine,
Knew Moses and Elijah, said to them,

"The last and greatest covenant will have
The witness of the old, nor jot of law
Shall pass until they all shall be fulfilled.
Moses, thy God upon Mount Sinai,

The angel of the ancient covenant,
Gave unto thee the ceremonial laws,
They have their meaning in the kingdom new;
Gave thee the tables of the moral law,
Foundation of the perfect law of love;
And gave to thee the tabernacle plan,
That was the pattern of the greater house,
Not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Elijah, thou, peering through mist of years,
Rejoiced to see the dawning of this day.
And thou didst call with fiery energy
Thy people to repentance, entrance door
Into the last and highest realm of man,
Wherein to-day his nature shall be crowned."

And here the Savior ceased, and they entranced
Still heard the heavenly music of his voice.

Moses as first addressed, was first to speak,
"O thou, Great Prince of Life, the Life of lives,
A **type** of thee was Abel's sacrifice;
After, in all religions, as in ours,

Is the blood offering, as made by fire ;
Unknown to angels is the mystery.
Nor yet would I presume to speak of this,
Did not the Holy Spirit move me thus."

Elijah's eyes were fixed, as long ago,
His fiery spirit was in vision rapt,
As tensely bent, beneath his shading palm,
He peered into the awful mysteries.

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! I see
Thy double sacrifice, offered at once ;
The Paschal lamb is by the altar killed,
The Lamb of God is slain outside thy gates.
Outside? Outside thy gates? Thou hast no part?
Alas, his blood is on thee as thou saidst !

I see that broken form which thou hast marred,
Those hands, so bruised and torn with cruel nails,
Are pleadingly outstretched to all the earth.
And on that aching brow a crown of thorns,
Those golden locks, clotted with precious blood,

Those shoulders, gashed by the inhuman scourge,

Those agonizing eyes, appeal to heaven.

O hear that pleading, anguished cry for help!

'Eloi! Eloi! Lama Sabachthani?'

Above the din I hear the mocking cries,

'Others he saved, he cannot save himself.'

'Now let the king of Israel descend.'

'Here, let him drink this vinegar and gall.'

'Let be, and see whether Elias comes.'

'Come, help thyself and then we will believe.'

And from the nearby crosses comes the wail,

'If thou be Christ, O save thyself and us.'

Dim is the halo of the stricken brow

In the Egyptian blackness of that gloom.

Well might the heavens refuse to look upon

A scene like this. And now the frightened earth

Trembles as with a dreadful earthquake chill,

'Rending the temple vail, bursting the graves,

Whose ghostly spirits shudder in the gloom.

O hear! A loud, heart-breaking cry to heaven!

.

'Father, to Thee my spirit I commend.'

Thy head doth forward fall, and thou art dead,
And so is faith and hope; but love still lives
To mock thy followers."

Jesus serene

And undisturbed waited unto the end,
Then in a quiet voice uttered these words,
To Moses said, "Thy thoughtful words are true;
For all the blood offered in sacrifice
Doth represent the perfect life in me,
As given to man; the life is in the blood.
In man the animal shall be subdued,
To spirit life be made subservient."

Then to Elijah said, "As anciently,
Thy lips are touched with living coals of fire.
I know the portion of the Son of Man
In the New Covenant, Testament in Blood.
On him the mighty labor has been laid
To lift the ascending human race into
The highest realm. The sorrows he endures

Are such as would be man's eternally,
Should he remain in his imperfect state.
These must I feel to fully sympathize;
My love is perfected through suffering;
And God in me and I in them is made
Unbroken circuit of a perfect love.
These woes I for the race of men endure,
Not to 'propitiate the wrath of God,'
Neither 'avenging justice' to avert,
Nor yet 'eternal retribution' stay;
But out of necessary consequence
To lift the struggling race.

'Anger and wrath,'

'Vengeance and fury,' spoken of our God,—
Monstrous if literal — to barbarous minds
And ignorant, express the strenuous
Intent of law against the ill, and for
The good. Our Father and our God is love;
Love only can awaken other love,
Her torch from her own flame always alight.

No offering can be to love but self ;
Therefore I freely give myself to love,
A willing offering."

When Jesus ceased,
A wondering silence reigned throughout the hosts,
Then, he began again in words like these,

"It is expedient that I should go,
Only a little while must I remain
Bound in the narrow limits of the flesh.
But in the Omnipresent Spirit's power
Must soon abide in every heart and life,
And make this love omnipotent to save."

Moses in meekness said, "Savior, we know
The sacrificial law requires the lamb
Perfect to be, no spot or blemish found
Thereon; nor yet the sprinkled blood can make
Perfect the comers thereunto; thy blood
Sprinkling our evil consciences doth make
Us clean indeed."

Then Jesus answereth,

“A three-fold type is the blood offering,
Meaning divinest mercy, grace, and truth,
And signifies a strict obedience ;
For not the least of blessedness will God
Deny to those who now obey His law.
Transgression always has its consequence ;
Nevertheless present obedience
Hath full reward ; no vengeance is in love,
And mercy is divinely infinite.”

Elijah now a brighter vision saw,
And said, “I see ! Thy limp and pallid form
By loving hands is taken from the cross,
Washed and enbalmed, wrapped in its cerements,
Laid in an unused sepulchre near by,
A heavy stone is rolled against the door,
The stone is sealed and Roman soldiers watch,
Who never sleep on guard ; they watch the night,
And through the Sabbath day, and it is night ;
And death and hell hath seeming victory.
The dawn ! The dawn ! nay, nay, two angels bright

Burst through the crystal firmament ; now they
Descend and roll the heavy stone away ;
Before their power the soldiers deathlike fall.

See! See! Who comes unbending from the tomb?
The Christ! The Christ is risen! No other lay
Therein. I peer into the empty tomb,
The folded grave clothes and the napkin lie.
The sublimated body of the Christ —
Mine was by sweeping chariot of fire —
Is spiritized, etherial essence now,
And of the universal medium ;
So has the freedom of the universe,
The omnipresence of creation's Lord.
He to his heavenly Father has returned,
Who dwelleth everywhere, and so can be
In every loving soul, wherever found.
At death, in person he the spirit greets,
Welcomes into his paradise of joy
And peace forevermore. This power divine
Is given him without restraint, even

To glorify himself and all of his."

Then Jesus said, so that the many heard,
"I am the resurrection and the life;
He that believeth in me, though he were dead,
Yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth
And believeth in me shall never die."

Moses the great and stern, but meek and good,
To Jesus said, "Behold the wonderful
Resources of our God ; to guard against
Intrusion He has called from distant spheres
Legions of angels ; called as witnesses
Spirits of men of every age and clime,
Two of the ancient covenant of law
And prophecy, and these three in the flesh.
All are to seal this Testament of Love,
Giving to man his great inheritance.
AND THIS NEW COVENANT YOU FREELY MAKE?"

Jesus with quiet voice replied,

"I Do."

Redeemed ! Redeemed ! The World Has Been Redeemed !

Approving light flashed through the waiting lost,
The earth, and heavens with dazzling glory blazed,
Their distant lights extinguished in that flame.
In the sixth nature of our being spread
The wide extent, from world to distant world
The glorious gospel flew, and widening
Forever through eternal space and time,
Pulses anew the living light of love.
For at this place and time was made complete
The final sacrifice, done in consent.
From his imperfect nature man is saved.
Unto creation's glory is redeemed.
And that which follows in the after days
Is but fulfillment of this covenant.

“Loving Omnipotence” — our language fails —
We have such words as God, and Thou, and He,
Misnaming the unnameable. No thought
Can comprehend the incomprehensible;
And yet Thy offered grace reveals to us
Thy nature, which we Abba Father call.

O Angel One, now touch my mortal lips
With fire, that I may but a little tell
Of truth.

JESUS, exponent of this love,
In triumph walked along that shining way,
At either hand the prophet and the seer,
The three honored disciples following;
The twelve great leaders of the legions made
An escort worthy. Ever as they pass
Along that glittering avenue the glow
Of joy increased of spirits reverent;
Erect, intent, the watchful angels stood,
That nothing interfere; the Son of Man
Must be entirely free.

And now, behold,
Over the center of that mountain stands
A great rotunda made of spirit forms;
Pillared around that circle stood the twelve,
Backed by the serried ranks of heaven; and those
Most honored formed a firmament above,

Alive with glint of wings, and trailing robes,
And flash of crowns, and joy of waving palms.
Exalted in that dome's meridian
Was set the crown of heaven; each jewel gave
Its primal color to the perfect rays.
And every priceless gem set in that crown
Exceeds the glory of ten thousand suns,
On which no human eye at all might look.

But Jesus underneath that diadem
Received the glory of its heavenly light.
His face outshone the dazzling noonday sun.
His raiment was so glistening white and pure
No Fuller on the earth could whiten it;
His hair was whiter than the sun-bright snow.
The three were mortal could not look on him,
A misty cloud of light came over them.
They saw him in this tempering radiance,
And gazing on him feared to see their Lord;
And startled heard a voice as from the cloud,
Saying, "This is my well beloved Son,

Hear him." They see him kneeling, hands upraised
In prayer, though not in supplication now,
But in communion with the Father God
In thanks and praise that he was worthy found.
Silence for half an hour there was in heaven;
For Man was lifted to the seventh sphere,
Even into the godlike nature raised.

Then was the sound of many voices heard
As ocean's waves resounding on the shore,
Or as the jarring thunder of the heavens,
And saying, "Alleluia! Honor, power,
Are given to Man, and every living thing
In heaven and earth and underneath the earth,
Or in the sea, are glorified in him.
Salvation, riches, blessing, glory, give
To him that sitteth on the eternal throne,
The Innocent, forevermore. AMEN!"

And the sixth nature of our being thrilled
The message out, from sphere to distant sphere.
Swifter than thought, answer of joy returns,

"The Infinite will raise less than a worm" —
The meaning literal — "to share his power,
Wisdom and love." What knowledge else could fill
The universe with rapture like to this?
To love the lovely is an easy thing,
As holy Cherubim and Seraphim,
But only God could love unto Himself
Such as the life began, making them sons
Like to the blessed Son of Man, who kneels
In light and joy and love ineffable.

BOOK XI



ARGUMENT

Overcome by the glories of the TRANSFIGURATION, Peter, James, and John fall into inspired trances or prophetic dreams; are "heavy with sleep," the record says. Their visions are of the future of the kingdom of heaven. Peter sees its development in the church, James in that of government, John in general human accomplishment. Those of Peter and James are given in this book.

The eyes of those who yet were mortal, dazed
And spent, could gaze no more on him so loved.
And still the glory of his presence beat
Upon their eyelids closed, so that they fain
Would hide their faces in the shading earth.
Heavy and overcome with sleep, they dreamed
Visions inspired of what would come to pass,
The final evolution of the race,
The Christ TRANSFIGURED in its history.

Now Peter, who thereafter was to hold
The triple golden keys, of faith, of love,
And of confession, to the spiritual doors
Of the true church, in raptured vision saw
That did beseech to be himself, with others,

Assembled in an upper room, devout
In prayer and praise; the Master too was there,
Though of the world unseen; he also sees
Great cloven tongues of fire descend on each,
Enduing them to preach the word with power.
The spirit fire has melted them with love
Into one spirit, purpose, and desire.
By this new nature all are unified
To do in love the perfect will of God.

In this he knows the infant church is born,
Accordant with the earnest prayer of Christ.

He notes the city streets below are thronged
With the devout of every land and tongue,
That to the yearly Passover have come.
He marks the spirit-filled descend to preach
The crucified and risen Christ to them.
Himself, as though another, leads the way,
And fearlessly before his enemies
Proclaims the power of the Christ to save.
Jesus is ever standing by his side,

Is by three thousand souls this day received.
And even they that crucified him quail
Before his presence ; vainly they had thought
The Nazarene no more would trouble them.
Now, risen from the sepulchre he works
In mighty power, the Spirit witnessing
In demonstration of his truth.

Again,

The first disciple, in his vision saw
The early church assembled, worshipping
With prayer and song and glad experience,
The loving Jesus also in their midst.
They are not gowned, but dressed in common garb.
The secret room is plain and unadorned.
In breaking bread, and reading from the word,
And works of charity, all are employed.
And each, as by the Holy Ghost ordained,
Does what he can ; the greatest he who serves.
In honor each the other doth prefer.
Their every action, by the spirit moved,

Is in its demonstration and wish power.
Their worship and their fellowship is in
Simplicity and faith and earnestness,
Equality and liberty and love.
Riches of Christ they more esteem than gold,
Or friends, or honor, yea than life itself.
He sees for Christ they joyfully receive
The spoiling of their goods, and suffering
Do covet, even martyrdom. Of such
As these he sees the Apostolic Church,
A little flock, go forth among fierce wolves.
The shepherd gives them care as they have need.
He sees them scattered by the bloody fangs
Of persecution into other lands,
Across the distant mountains and the seas
Bearing the light ; one life illumined, lights
Another life, and ever widening thus,
The bright Evangel is to fill the earth.

Jesus, the matchless preacher, goes with them,
As everywhere they go preaching the word,

Upon the streets, in highways and in byways,
In the homes, not in obtrusiveness,
But seeking for the opportunity,
To many in the synagogue, or on
The river's bank, or join themselves to one
Upon the desert road, in caves and dens,
Deserted pits, and gruesome catacombs,
In dungeons dark, in favor or in chains,
Or slain with sword, or torn with hungry beasts,
Or sawn asunder, tortured on the rack,
Or in the flames, or on the awful cross;
Always rejoicing they are worthy found
To wear the martyr's crown.

And O, what zeal,
What courage, patience, hope, and charity,
Is by the Holy Ghost inspired in them!

He sees the persecutor stricken down,
As toward Damascus he is journeying,
Seeking the murder of the innocent.
To him, blind and astonished, Jesus calls;

And he becomes a light, a blazing torch,
To light the darkness of the gentile world.

He saw, in farthest lands, churches arise,
To which the people on the first day come,
New Sabbath Day, to hear this gospel preached.
On sacred desk is laid the word of God ;
Here is the altar sanctified with prayer
And praise and song ; here Christ in spirit meets
The humble worshipper ; here kneeling humbly
Souls are into the kingdom born anew,
Of light and love and peace and joy.

And now

The sleeper's spirit leaps to see that Rome,
The proud and cruel conqueror of the world,
Is conquered by this overmastering love.
On spire and dome the gilded crosses rise ;
Pagan idolatry is overcome ;
The humble man of Nazareth, despised,
Rejected, crucified, from Jupiter
Wrenches the golden sceptre of the heavens,

And all the gods and goddesses dethrones.
His virgin mother sits in Juno's seat.
Neither cloudcapped Olympus, thundering,
Longer remains the heaven of the gods.
Old Neptune from his pearl-lined car is hurled,
No more his trident rules the watery depths.
From Pluto, grim, inexorable, the keys
Are wrested by the enemy of death.
Nor dreaded Cerberus affrighting barks,
Guarding the awful gates of hell; Jesus
With torch of love illumines its horrid shades.

The Naiades and Dryades have fled,
Leaving their sylvan haunts of vale and stream;

The Nereides forsake their coral caves;
The Oreads no more of Ida called;
Lares, Penates, flee the hospitable hearth;
Lemures, Furies, Gorgons, Hydras dire,
No more the superstitious mind affrights.
All of these vain imaginings relax
Their hold upon the thought and life of men.

These visions of the great disciple passed
In leaps of centuries, the periods
Of evolution in religious thought.
No more the altar smoke ascends to heaven
From grove or hilltop or from costly shrine;
One perfect sacrifice is now for all.

Alas, he sees success has perils great,
For what is precious will the robber tempt.
Now Pride and Selfishness, Intolerance,
And Pomp and Show, and Worldly Influence,
And Wealth and Power, seize and usurp the church.

Nor is he wholly pleased to see the change,
When heathen mummeries and ritual
Are grafted onto Christianity.
Magnificent cathedrals imitate
The pagan temples, with buttressed walls and high,
Ornate with spire and parapet and dome,
Gable and battlement, and pinnacle
With gilded cross, and figured cornice rich,
And golden architrave, and ornate frieze,

Great transept choir and nave, high galleries,
Arched ceiling, columned aisles, alcove and niche,
Dim cloistered crypt, chancel and gilded rail,
And golden altar with its crucifix,
And lighted candles set in candlesticks
Of gold. He sees the gowned processional
Of mitred Prelates bear the honored cross,
And golden censers of sweet incense swing.
He hears the solemn chant of vested choir,
And deep-toned thunder of the organ pipes.
Strange contrast to the first simplicity!

Yet the Apostle grieved not overmuch,
To see this pride of pageantry and form —
Worship by images, making the eye
An aid to thought. The purposes of God
Are served, as in idolatry before,
That worshipped attributes — rough scaffolding
To build the temple true and beautiful.

Then the disciple saw in every land
Plain meeting houses rise. Here many come

For worship, only by the spirit moved,
Again the earliest simplicity.
And everywhere the watchman loud proclaims,
"The just shall live by faith." "The Holy Ghost
Shall give the witness to his saints."

And yet,

After the many centuries have passed,
He notes the perfect life is far away.
The shadows of the past obscure the light,
And superstitious dogmas, narrow creeds
Fetter and cramp the souls of men, as yet
Not capable to follow of themselves
The perfect light of truth, but wandering,
Would license make of liberty. Also
He hears them speak and sing and pray in slow
Comparisons, or light winged metaphor.
The vital truth obscured by imagery:
And yet their low development requires
This aid. The advancing Christian world is like
A traveller benighted, on his staff

He leans, until the morning clears his path.

With rapt astonishment the sleeper notes
The gradual progress of religious life ;
How every thing on the ascending way,
Pleasant, or seeming adverse, helps to rise ;
Beginning at the cross, where love is born
To love divine ; passing the open door
Of that new sepulchre, is met the joy
Of heaven ; standing beneath the outstretched hands
Of the ascending Lord, his blessed peace
Is given ; and by the Holy Spirit's gift
Is faith ; and dreadful persecution gives
Courage and fortitude, longsuffering
And patience ; also labors arduous
Harden the sinews of their spirit strength ;
Display and ceremony, symbols, rites,
Increase their reverence, attention gain ;
So that by reformation's torch they may
With true devotion seek the hidden truths.
Now in his sleep he cries aloud, "I see !

Worship will be in feeling and in thought,
Not superstitious awe of mystery,
Nor nothing knowing, neither everything,
Yet faith needs not to be irrational.
The soul shall find eternal ecstasy
In adding treasures to its wealth of truth,
For love is infinite, and God is love,
And man receives from the eternal source
Full m \acute{e} te of his enlarged capacity.
This is the ecumenical decree
All will accept. For now the human soul
Becomes the temple beautiful and grand.
Upon her golden altar purest rites
Of love are ministered." And here he sees
Jesus in his transfigured glory come:
And all the clouds of heaven are glowing saints.
Then with ecstatic joy the sleeper cried,

Amen! Amen! Amen!

* * * * *

James, the disciple lying nearest, saw,
Also in panoramic vision, scenes
Of future progress in the governments,
Where earthly kingdoms, as the many waves
Upon the mobile ocean, rise and fall;
Ever in that ascending tide the ebb
Is more than overcome.

His dream began,
A troubled sleep of horror and affright,
Blackness of darkness shut him in, except
The faintest halo of a figure strove
Against the midnight gloom, hanging it seemed
Upon a cross.

“O Master! Master! Thou?”
He cried. Then would his stricken heart have stopped
And quickening breath had not again returned,
Had an assuring angel not appeared
And said, “This life shall be the central point
Of history; the past will here have end,
And future time shall have its date; this now,

Its only worthy present shall become,
True axis of the world of life and love.

The lord of being came unto his own;
His own received him not, but made of him
A perfect sacrifice. But woe to them
By whom he goes!

The cruel hand of Rome,
By Israel, was used to crucify
The lord of light and life and truth; that hand,
Invoked in the extremest cruelty,
Returns upon themselves. And now behold,
The cup of their iniquity is full.
Where stood the cross the Roman legions camp,
The Nation, gathered to the Passover,
Is shut within, and starving, stark, and mad.
The hand that smote, is surely smitten too.
Judgment regardeth not high walls and towers.
Then James out of his sleep cried out, "The Walls!
They fall! See! Smoke! The city is on fire!
O hear the awful din of shrieks and cries,
And dying groans, curses and shouts, and stroke

Of sword, and crash of falling walls! O see,
The temple is on fire, the flames leap high
And swirl in angry clouds the reddened smoke!
God smiting them for their impiety."

And then the attentive angel said to him,
"Not so, He adds no horror to the scene,
And still would gather them, as tenderly
As doth a hen her tender brood, but they
Will not. Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Why will ye suffer such calamity?"

The Merciful did then withhold the sight
Of other cruelties, rapine and blood,
The ruin and dispersion of his race;
Slaughtered, and sold, scattered, and peeled, and torn,
A byword, and a hiss, no land their own,
No government, but everywhere a Jew.
As Jesus said, 'Tarry thou till I come;'
Sad meaning of his words, 'BUT YE WOULD NOT,'
The witness sorrowful unto their truth."

Another, and a cheering scene appears.
He looks across the western sea, on Rome,
The great barbaric Mistress of the world,
Beneath the purpling sun of Italy,
How beautiful and how magnificent!
She needs not walls, legions invincible
Her guard. Along her ways are passing kings
And royal embassies from every land;
And on the countless masts that throng her port,
The flag of every nation floats.

Thither

The angel pointing said, "Three hundred years
Only have passed since Christ was crucified
By ROME; and over pinnacle and dome
The emblems of that cross are glittering.
Here in this awful sodden mass of greed
And superstition, lust and cruelty,
Barbaric splendor, pride of pomp and power,
The leaven of the gospel has been placed.
Above her Legions floats the labarum —

Strange sign by which to conjure victory —
Once ignominious cross, emblem of love
In sacrifice; that blessed name enwreathed,
Whose birth was promised peace, goodwill to men,
Who neither strove, nor cried, grand and serene;
Who said, 'Seek not your own;' and bade them love
Their enemies, O strange anomaly,
Is made the banner of relentless war;
As if the very strength of love was turned
Against herself.

Now see Byzantium,
Upon the glorious margin of that sea,
Girdled with empires of religion, law,
And intellect, beside the blue Aegean,
Upon the Golden Horn, the fairest spot
On earth, as by the ancient prophet seen,
Divides the universal sovereignty;
And Grecia, land of intellect and art,
Is conquered by the lowly Nazarene.
For truth, unarmed, is irresistible.

Another hundred years are passed, look now."
And the disciple, trembling in his fear,
Inquired, "Spirit, O why does God permit
Those wild barbarian hordes to devastate
And to destroy all that has been achieved?
As locusts they are pouring from the North,
Across the sunny fields of Southern lands,
No human power can stay the awful tide;
As a destructive storm they sweep, to bend,
And break, and flatten in their path.

And then,
The angel soothingly to him replied,
"Life is intelligent creative force,
The offspring sole of the Almighty Love,
Is the eternal genesis of growth
In reproduction of its kind, will reach
Its highest state on earth in human life.
Nations are individual aggregates;
Their laws of life will therefore be the same.
All have their special use, that use fulfilled,

Their energy declines, and death ensues.
The rich fruition of the Roman state
Is law ; of Greece, the mind's development ;
Judea gives the true religion birth.
And each, of further growth incapable,
Will pass.

Within that northern wilderness,
These wild and unprotected savages
Are taught of Nature, in her roughest moods,
Courage and strength and fortitude ; also
Are taught equality — her benefits
She ever doth impartially bestow.
Another doctrine of the Christ is wrought,
The greatest, he who is the worthiest."

And even as he spake, four centuries
Have passed into the first millennium.

Again, the soul of James is filled with fear,
"Behold, O Spirit, hordes are following hordes ;
Rout following rout, of strange and motly bands.
Women and children, armored men, on foot,

Or mounted, or in carts, or chariots,
Like swarms of flies are pouring from the West.
As on the banners floating over them,
They wear upon their backs a crimson cross.
With mingled hymns, curses and cries they come.
Angel, explain, why are they coming here?"

And him the angel answered tenderly,
As one whose sympathies are greatly touched,

"Promise of heaven and fanaticism
Urges them on to free the Holy Land
Of infidels. Their superstitious minds
So venerate the soil on which the Christ
Hath walked, they miss the spirit of his life;
And prize the wood of his true cross, and stones
That held his three days' sepulchre, more than
His charge, bidding them love their enemies.
These leaving justice, mercy, truth, and love,
Would strive for sainthood in these wild crusades.

Hard blows will be required to break the thrall
Of superstition from the race of men,

And free the mind to reverence the true.
The hated infidel, though more humane,
Will deal the blows shall liberate the world.
Be not afraid to see the crescent rise,
The cross come down ; fear not the Saracen,
And Ottoman ; for they who take the sword,
Shall perish by the sword ; and love and truth
Alone will ever be invincible.
And Brahminism, Buddhism, and Moslemism,
Confucionism, are subterranean steps
That the Christ Spirit in the world must take,
From low and dark idolatry, to reach
The temple beautiful, ablaze with light
Of the eternal and completed life.

Again the moving vision shows armed knights
Are riding to and fro in honor's quest.

Thus he the mentor of the truth declared,
"The iron hand of tyranny, relaxed,
Has left the world in seeming anarchy
And petty strife. And in these ages dark

The gallant knight rides forth, with skillful lance
And trusted sword, in tournament and fray,
To right the wrong, defend the innocent ;
His puissant arm alone protects the weak.
And this the guerdon that the world receives
The chivalrous regard of womanhood."

Now lift your gaze across the sea and land ;
An island of the greater ocean loved.
Appears. Here the great chart of civil rights
Is wrested from the royal arrogance.

Look farther on across that ocean wide,
Behold a glorious hemisphere entire,
Great continents in the wide oceans kept.
To be the coming home of liberty.
The glowing sun, upon his western way,
Looks o'er its mountain walls, and wide extent
Of fertile plain, its many winding streams,
And rivers flowing full ; and looking back,
Along the hither ocean's trembling waves,

Smiles on the western, high, and rocky walls.
A ship across the hither ocean sails :
The heaven sent breezes waft her to the West.
Ocean rejoices in her many waves,
And ever following the sun, that ship
Beareth the righteous seeds of destiny,
To plant them in that rich and virgin soil ;
No civil and religious caste to thwart
Their growth.

Now, look again upon that land."

And James replied, "O wonderful! I see
The hills and valleys of that continent
Are of the forest and the jungle cleared ;
Gardens and farms are rich and beautiful ;
Hamlets and schools, churches and villages,
Cities magnificent, are in this land
Between the distant seas."

The angel said,
"See you that banner floating on the breeze,
Long waving bars of red and purest white ;



*See you yon banner floating on the breeze
The joyous breath of heaven is in its folds.*

Mark in its field of blue are many stars ;
Emblem of union and of liberty.
High on the staff the royal eagle perched,
Has plumed its wings for empyrean flight,
Not as the ancient Roman falcon, gyved
For conquest, but to guard the people's rights."

Then James, "O now I see this hemisphere,
In the far ocean was reserved to be
The cradle of religious liberty."

The angel said, "The true millennium
Think not has come, the way yet long and hard ;
The conquest of the world is far away.
The kingdom of the Christ is not complete,
Until each individual shall be
The government, in wisdom capable,
In love united to the central power,
The rule supreme of heaven in highest law.
Then shall the glorious kingdom of the heart,
Be the united kingdom of our God,
And of His Christ, in true conformity
Of union and of strength. Then Christ shall come

In the clouds of heaven, with angels and with saints.
On an exalted throne of liberty
And love, set over all the earth, then we
Shall reign with him forevermore. AMEN!

BOOK XII

ARGUMENT

The first half of John's vision is allegorical. He first narrates his vision of idolatry, then of worry, of the wild state of the unregenerate heart, of greed, and of appetite. At last the great and decisive battle of Armageddon is fought, in which every evil thing is swept away by the power of true enlightenment.

The second half of the book is literal, showing how the world shall be when the kingdom of Christ has fully come. The book ends with the charge of Jesus to secrecy until he has raised the world to a comprehension of these mysteries.

John, the most loved because most loving, was
The first disciple to be overcome
By the effulgence of the honored Christ,
For all too ardent was his loving gaze.

He afterward in the Apocalypse,
In a prophetic mystery, concealed
For future times the glories of that day.
This is the vision that he now beheld,
Told by himself.

"I saw this great round world
(253)

By unseen thread of love's attraction held,
Around its constant yearly orbit swing,
Dated from Christ's nativity; and still,
Through the enfolding drapery of cloud
The shadows on the earth were deepening;
The gospel light was crimsoned in its gloom,
And made a ghastlier obscurity.

The old world creatures that I saw therein
Appeared more hideous. One dreadful bird
Had great protruding eyes that restless turned,
As one who fears he knows not what, and sees
Too much, but nothing rightly sees, and stares
With shrinking fear and dread at common things.
And it was hideous, almost featherless,
Its wide, enormous mouth was wide agape
To swallow every thing was put therein.

Then one so fair he seemed the son of God,
Stood by me, saying, 'You abhor yon bird,
From egg of reptile superstition hatched —
Idolatry.

But see the feathers start
Shall plume his flight above the sun and moon,
Even above the realm of worship; yea,
It shall the heaven of adoration soar."

A second look into the darkness showed,
Unseen before, a cloud of insects winged,
Of every color, yellow, red, and blue,
And black, their wings a strident minor sing.
I saw them brushed away as gauzy things,
And yet they would persistently return,
With tiny stings their poison would inject,
Until the fevered frenzy of the brain
Did paralyze and kill.

Slowly, a great
And mighty Spirit from the earth arose;
Its spreading wings were of such wide extent
The globe entire was fanned; these dreadful clouds
Of Christ-forbidden worryings were swept
Away, and let the blessed sunlight in.
Filling that infinite serene of light,

That spirit floated in a sea of peace.
The angel's name, I heard, was "Righteous Prayer;"
The twain of wings wherewith it flew were trust
And gratitude.

Looking again, I saw
A forest wild and wide, the dreadful haunt
Of every cruelty; of ravenous beast
And every dreaded reptile the abode,
That through its dank and shadowy jungle creeps.
I heard the lion's terrifying roar,
The howl of wolf, hyena's infant cry,
And jackal's bark, and dismal hoot of owls;
Woe to the sheep is in its tangle lost!
Surely the pasture fields will keep their guard,
Even the fold has need to be secure.

Then as I trembled greatly at the sight,
The fairest angel that was ever seen
Came wafting out of heaven in robes of sheen.
She held a golden glass was polished bright,
A dazzling crucifix was on her heart;
Her finger pointed to that wilderness.

As from the coming morn fleeth the night,
I saw it as a hideous dream depart,
Leaving the fertile vales in golden dress,
And sunny slopes of purple clustered vine,
With peaceful pastured hills, and meadows green.

At once I knew her to be LOVE DIVINE.
Her lips like petals of the summer's queen
Opened, and as a perfume-laden breeze
Her breath brought to me cheering words like these.

"The reptile and carnivora invade
The higher nature of the human heart,
And make of it their wild and jungle lair,
Wherein there steals the cunning of the cat,
And haughty arrogance of roaring beast,
Hyena impudence and treachery,
And terrifying hoot and poisoned fang
Of envy, malice, cruelty, deceit,
Of anger, greediness, and vanity.
Ah, dreadful is the fate of innocence!

Yet the fair golden sun I bear, sometime

The desert of the human heart shall cleanse
And cheer, and make it blossom as the rose.
Its sunny fields shall have security
Of peace, wherein the fruitage of the earth
Is to the full enjoyed, nothing to mar,
Or make afraid, in all these holy hills."
And still I knew the age was far away
In which the heart should be so cleansed and blest.
Over the wide and fertile earth was seen
Great waving fields of ripened, golden grain.
Around that harvest was a multitude,
Some almost starved, with pleading, outstretched hands,
Begged for enough to satisfy their need.
For all about this plenteousness were droves
Of long-nosed, hungry swine, trampling it down.
Starving themselves, their bristly, callous skins
Covered unsightly skeletons of greed,
Long, cruel tusks protruded from their jaws,
Beneath their heavy ears were cunning eyes,
And after them their teasing offspring squealed.

Out of the sea I saw a dragon rise,
The waves fled frightened to their deepest caves,
The sun was darkened by his wings extent,
He flew low down along the startled earth,
And all the swinish herd he soon devoured.
A voice was heard in heaven, saying, 'JUDGMENT
Has cleansed the earth of swinish avarice,
Monopolies and hoarding selfishness —
The greedy nature of the under world —
Sweet charity would trample under foot.
Would turn again and rend. Therefore, behold,
The terrors of the law persuadeth men."

Again, I knew the coming of that day
Must be with gradual development :
For over all the earth great breathing holes
Of Hell broke forth ; the atmosphere became
A choking stench. Into these gaping pits
The slaves of appetite unpitied fell.
Out of these burning craters devils flew,
Misshapen, horrid things, to hurt the earth.

These fiery vampires held with griping claws,
And with their hot and poisonous breath destroyed.
I looked to see how God could wait so long.
JUSTICE I saw at last — Mercy was spurned —
Stand on the earth with glittering sword upraised,
And cry, "HOW LONG! HOW LONG! O LORD HOW LONG!"

Upward to God that awful tempest rose,
Earth's woes were in the dreadful midnight cloud;
Her cursings flashed in lightning's fiercest glare;
And groans in thunders rolled along the heavens;
All sighs and wails were in the whirlwind shrieked;
All tears united in a deluge poured.

And then the angel sword of JUSTICE falls,
Fierce appetite is slain. Mountains and hills
And loosened rocks are thrown and piled upon
These pits of hell and alcoholic fumes.
Brightly the sun of righteousness appears
With clearing beams, and all the atmosphere
Is fresh and cool, the birds and flowers awake,
Perfume and song gladden the earth redeemed.

And still, I knew this happy, golden day
Must wait the ages' slow development.

A sight more dreadful met my frightened gaze
Than ever had been seen on earth before,
For on the plains of ARMAGEDDON drew
APOLLYON with his destroying hosts,
Gathered from every quarter of the earth.
Nothing remained to harm or make afraid,
From giant error stalking wide and armed,
Unto the tiny faults more dangerous,
Because so numerous and little seen.

The Arch Deceiver and Destroyer led
His hosts, darkening the plain like storm and night.
The shield he bore, a mighty hemisphere,
Frightened the earth entire with dim eclipse,
His lofty spear gleamed as a baleful star,
A fiery dragon on his helmet perched.

And in the lightning flashes, I beheld
MAMMON was following. Of dazzling gold
His armor was, by all his horde admired.

And in that throng were kings who had no need;
And beggars too who loved their scanty coin.
Ashamed I am to say it — there were priests
Who golden mitres wore, and ministers
Who loved the fleece more than they did the sheep;
And there were misers gripping bags of gold.

And following was VANITY, whose power
Is little less, with peacock feathers stuck,
And mincing strut, she leads her fickle bands.
Their gauzy banner scarce could bear the breeze
That floated it.

And proud AMBITION then
Upon a prancing charger rode, armored
With showy panoply; and power was given
To hurt the third part of the earth.

Then was
An earthquake; from its fiery rendings flew
Great clouds of locusts, covering the land,
To bite and to devour, with poisoned stings
Like scorpions; and in those awful swarms

Were sins of every kind, of lust abhorred,
Intemperance and gluttony, and theft,
Lying and all deceit, and robbery,
And murder, too; I cannot speak of all.
Diseases followed in malarial clouds,
Twisting rheumatics, scorching fevers hot,
And shaking ague's chill, nausea, and thirst,
Weak shrunken palsy, painful swollen gout,
Microbe, tubercular or cancerous.

And over all, DEATH's sable banner cast
A shadow dark, and hungry snarling dogs
Followed, and vultures soared the dark obscure.

Hark! Hark! A voice out of the utmost heavens,
As through a trumpet blown, saying,

“Behold!

The KING OF HEAVEN rides forth to victory!”

High in the clouds a dazzling throne I saw;
In the bright halo of that throne was wreathed

The fairest company was ever seen
Since earth was made. And all the shining clouds
Glittered with joyous wings of light. Harken!
They sing! "The Prince of wisdom, power and love,
Of light and truth, of peace and purity,
Of grace and joy, supreme, has come to earth.
Ride forth! Ride forth, O God, to victory!
And sin and sorrow shall be driven hence.
Who conquereth not with earthly armament,
Not even with the riving thunderbolt,
But with the strength of true enlightenment."

And then I saw His hosts no armor wore
But the celestial and embosomed light,
Proceeding from that blissful source of light,
To meet the gathered remnant of this world's
Destructive forces. Yet from that radiance
The hordes of ARMAGEDDON fled like mist
Before the brightness of the rising sun,
Dispersed to be no more eternally.

Then, I the sound of many voices heard,

Would drown the loudest thundering, saying,
"Now let the Savior King, with all his saints,
Dwell on the earth redeemed to life and light
Forevermore, Amen."

* * * * *

Thenceforth, my dream,
Though hard to understand, was literal.

Invention had the lower nature served,
In superstition, and in cruelty;
With toil of millions built the pyramids,
Great monuments of human vanity.
And art was made to chisel heathen gods,
Labor their pillared temples to adorn:
Was busied making maps impossible,
Lines in the heavens concentric or oblique,
The vain deceptions of astrology.
And history was of the fabulous.
Sweet Poesy the laurel wreath entwines
For bloody and inhuman conquerors.

But in the heavenly kingdom, I beheld
Invention laboring to bless and save,
Rather than to destroy an enemy.
Benevolence, utility, and truth,
Were now her aim. The earth for such as these
Yieldeth her store of useful minerals;
The animals are for that use improved;
And all the luscious fruits are perfected.
In all the earth I saw invention work
To break the sweaty curse of toil for bread;
For now is heard the click of the machine;
Nor tired reaper o'er the sickle bends;
Nor mower in the morning whets his scythe;
And plows in gangs now turn the fertile glebe;
And harrows winged break up the darkened mould;
And many iron fingers drill the seed;
The husbandman rejoices in his work.

Saw I great thundering trains run here and there,
Spanning upon their level tracks of steel
The continents; some are long caravans

Of merchandise ; some, splendid palaces,
In which the happy occupants are whirled
Long journeys in the greatest luxury.

And wondering I saw enormous ships,
Deep bosomed, and unmoved by wind or wave,
Like fleetest greyhounds they now cross the seas,
Dreaded no more.

And then meseemed I stood
Upon a hill, and it was night, and clear,
And yet I saw not the familiar stars,
For moving lights filled all the lower heavens,
As numerous as fireflies o'er the marsh.
Only the highest moved in glittering zones,
For east and west, or north and south they go,
Collision to avoid. The foremost light
Of each was clear, the rear was red, the right
Was yellow, blue the left, above was pink,
Below was green ; so that these shining ways
With seeming rainbow arches barred the heavens.
Below, the lights were floating leisurely,

Ascended or descended carefully.

One of these aeronautes wafted down
To where I stood ; the occupant bid me
To enter and be seated by his side.
Then it arose with motion unobserved,
Unless we looked on the receding earth,
Or felt the meeting breezes cool. Awhile
We sat in silence to enjoy the scene.
When my companion saw my wondering look,
He said, "You from those ancient times have come
When man was governed by environment,
Ere nature had been subjected to him,
Who, under God has now become supreme.
Even those ancient desolating storms
Are harnessed now and made to work his will ;
Even those wild ungovernable winds
Are now controlled and willingly obey ;
The fierce destructive lightning has become
Docile to labor as the patient ox ;

The desolating floods are made to serve;
And moist or dry or hot or cold, or light
Or dark, is had at will. Now you perceive
The light is so controlled we for awhile
Will have what would be anciently called night."

Then I with stammering addressed the man,
"We little dreamed when following the Christ,
In humble ministry, sowing the seeds
Of truth — for I was his disciple then —
That it would come to this. He told us then
His kingdom was of heaven, and he was come
From God; that we should also reign with him,
And greater works should do than he had done.

I see the principles he gave the world
Have wrought what then would be called miracle.
The glory of his realm is now made known.
We saw him on the mount, with glory crowned,
Accept the government which you possess.

But tell me, Rabbi, what of earthly things
Did most this heavenly kingdom to advance?"

He, as if pleased to have me question him,
Replied,

“As is well known, the printed page ;
There, thought was fixed and knowledge was preserved,
Was made accessible to rich and poor.
Christ in the flesh gave utterance to few,
But through this agency to every man.
And there, invention and discovery
With science true had cumulative growth.

Not now fully can be explained to you
The calculation intricate by which
The very earth's polarity is changed,
A weekly as a daily turning given ;
So that the cheering ardor of the sun
Is equally enjoyed in every part ;
One zone blesses the happy earth entire ;
The seasons are united into one,
The springing bud, and the expanding leaf,
The opening blossom and the ripening fruit
Together grow. The careful processes

By which this giant labor has been wrought,
In which the mighty forces of the earth
Are subjected unto the mind of man,
Are based on sciences that must be learned
Ere you can understand.

Again we have
What we have called the Etherscope, by which
We see, and also can communicate,
Either around the world or through; even
To neighboring worlds we have extended it.
A simple instrument, not more complex
Than is the eye or ear. We wonder now
That it was undiscovered for so long.
Using the ether that pervades all space
And matter too, in which the light is winged,
Attraction draws, and spirits pass from sphere
To sphere, as in their presence we converse
With such as have like power."

Amazed, I said,
"Bear with me, Rabbi, if I speak again,

For every thing appears so wonderful;
Yet I would ask you of your government."
"We have no kingdoms or republics now,"
He said, "simply a perfect unity.
Each person is an independent state,
The law of love alone controls, unites
Into the universal reign of heaven.
I know how strange triumphant love appears,
To one who lived when love was crucified.

Before the aeronautis came for you,
Then was I reading in an ancient book.
It was a history of kings and queens —
We all are now — and desolating wars.
The greatest heroes, greatest butchers then;
The greatest heroes, greatest lovers now.
Then law protected right of property
Unlimited; whilst many gave their lives
In toil for bare subsistence, even that
Was lacking many times. Then locks and bars
Must be to keep the treasure safe; but now

To keep us from too generous supply.
We gain alone to give, and not to keep.
Treasures of thought, and blessed ministry
Of the affections are the most esteemed."

Once more I spake, "Vouchsafe to hear again.
The teachings of the Christ are only now
Become entirely practical; before,
They only were the perfect ideals.
The spirit world was like a gateless wall —
At least none opened outward unto us,
And we were torn with sorrow when our friends
Would pass into the great and dread unknown.
In vision I have seen that all disease
Is overcome, and the decay of age
Can be arrested in eternal youth;
And even dreaded death will be no more;
And love is no more hurt by fear of loss.
"How far does spiritual knowledge now extend?"
My teacher answered almost eagerly,
"The apprehension of the spiritual

Is so familiar and so natural,
It has become a science plain and true.
You only recognized the fleshly sense;
Our sevenfold nature we can apprehend,
And that each nature has a kindred sense.
All knowledge through these avenues we gain;
The impulse that recalls impressions made
Is memory; repeated and combined,
Is reason; motions they create in us,
Affection, feeling, sensibility.
Eternity becomes a treasure store
Of golden grains, or string of precious pearls
Unbroken. Ask not of the spirits then
To scatter them in idle vanity;
They answer not to curiosity,
To compliment or selfish interest,
Or unimportant questionings.

Seek ye

In purity of heart for spirit sight,
Even of God; in perfect quietude

Hear the assurance that thou art his child;
In great desire partake of righteousness;
And in their presence feel the spirits touch;
Breathe the aroma of their holiness,
Inspiring sweetest charity and peace,
And wafting faith, and ever joyous hope,
And strengthened will, and purpose pure and strong.
These by our spirit senses we receive
And hold and can recall at will. This all
Is now so understood that we recall
The loved — not lost — as tangibly as when
We knew them in the flesh." And whilst he spake
The aeronautis, in the which we rode,
Swiftly ascended through prismatic lights
Floating around, and through the aérozones
Of travel, to the open firmament
Of the familiar stars.

"Seest thou yon light"

My master said, "of crimson radiance?
Simply a brighter star it seems to you.



Oh heart
Of mine! There stood my darling Miriam,
My sweet, my own, just as in earthly life,
With beaming look of recognizing love

Until I have arisen from the dead,
And of my Father have been glorified
Again; to reign with Him forevermore.

AMEN."

EPITHALAMIUM

I thank Thee, dearest Lord; the song is grand
And sweet to me, whatever others think,
From bursting matin, to the vesper close,
From youth to age — nay, nay, there is no age
Of spirit, but an ever growing life.
Love Song it was, and is, ever shall be,
Of shout, of carol, canticle, of hymn.
Thy voice opens the gates of paradise,
And leads the universal choir that sings
The blissful and eternal harmonies,
Gloria in Excelsis! Gloria Dei!
O Fairest One, for undivided love,
Thou passeth by wisdom, learning, fame; and thus
The God of Love is honored most.



How to Read This Book

To those who have become literary addicts by an excessive reading of the too common light literature of the present time; to those who no longer need the unthoughtful scaffolding of dogmas and creeds, but have no desire to batter down that which is of use to many *beautifuller* lives; to those who quietly though carefully think for themselves, we come with what we think is an embodiment of the advanced intellectual and religious thought of today.

In order that you may get the most out of the reading of this book, we ask you to read it a sentence, a paragraph, a page, or at the very extreme, a book, at a time. You can not cram the mind with any better results than you can the stomach. Always read with an appetite; when that is satisfied, stop, lay the book in a convenient place and at your desire take it up again. In the very beginning we ask you to weigh everything by this standard: IS IT TRUE?

If after you have read it thus carefully you are not a wiser, better, stronger, happier man, if your faith has not become the substance, if you do not understand God and human life better, you ought to read it again.

In every soul there is at least a seed of heavenly life, a spark of divinity. No soul is totally depraved. Water and cultivate that seed, fan that spark, by acting on right conceptions of duty and obedience.

Every life that is helped by this Book should give God the Glory.

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